REAL WEST

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rue Tales of the American Frontier

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he orrows f CHIEF HARLOT

he Death of RANK JAMES

OHNNY ACK ROWN

....and more

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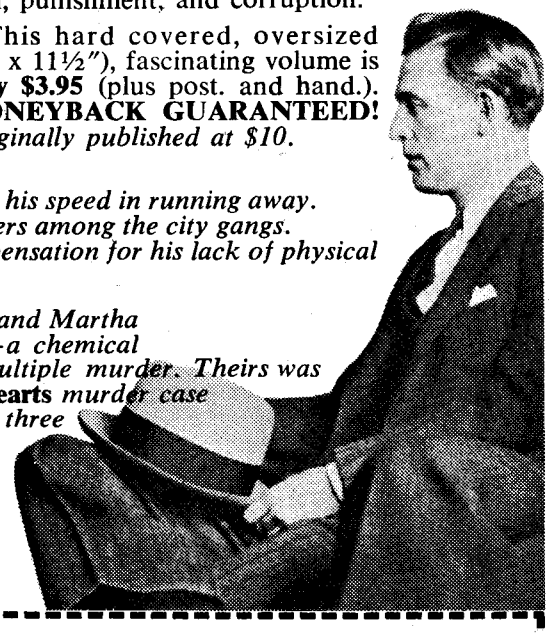

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DR. KEITH KENYON

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How to increase your physical vigor while watching T. V. (Chapter 2)
How acupressure helps sexual impotence. (Chapter 10)

Author - KEITH KENYON, M. D., A. B.
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United States Public Health Service
Designed Propulsion Unit for Artificial Heart
Presently Designing Automated Heart, Lung Machine
Physician in Industrial Medicine
Graduate of Acupuncture Research Inst.
Engaged in Acupuncture Research
Appeared on Radio and TV Shows

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Sexual impotence can be a very disturbing emotional experience. Chapter 10 demonstrates how acupressure may relieve this frustrating condition.

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YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE SICK TO BENEFIT FROM ACUPRESSURE

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The tips of your own fingers may hold the secret of your salvation from a life of Pain. Many medical doctors are beginning to use the methods described and illustrated in PRESSURE POINTS. Help free yourself from lingering discomfort by using the simple, pain-relieving acupressure procedure in private, as often as you wish.

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"After a few weeks of using acupressure on my hand and wrist the pain began to subside. I am not saying it cured the underlying condition, but at least I can work with the dummies again."

Paul Winchell

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Volume XVIII
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●

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●

CHARLES SCHREYVOGEL, PAINTER OF THE WEST
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●

ALL THAT GLITTERED WAS SAM BRANNAN
By Clarence M. Fink

●

MYSTERY OF THE SKELETON IN THE MEADOW
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From a contemporary account

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BY HAROLD R. PORTER

HOW ALMOST ANYONE CAN PROFIT FROM INFLATION, RECESSIONS, AND DEPRESSIONS

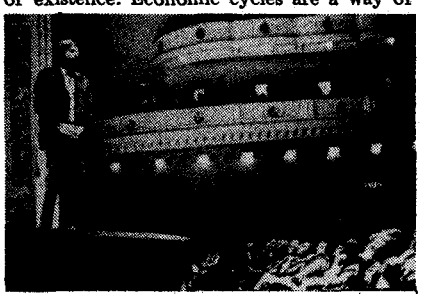
Welcome aboard! The fact that you are going to read this article means there is a good chance you will proceed with its advice. Proceeding with the advice in the article means that you may be among the few who will not only avoid financial disaster, but, become very wealthy during the coming depression. You don't have to be rich or know anything about finance to take advantage of this advice.

The advice in this article comes from Harry Browne. Harry Browne is considered one of the top financial advisors in the country today. If you would have taken his advice in 1970, you would already be substantially wealthier. Your investments would have brought you a 300% to 400% return. But take heart. There is still much more to be made. In fact, the best is yet to come.

Harry Browne not only predicted the 1972 devaluation of the dollar two years before it happened, he predicted exactly how it would occur, what signs there would be just before it occured and exactly what the government would do and say. Harry Browne is now predicting a depression more severe than the Great Depression of the 1930's.

You're saying to yourself, "How can this be? The country is depression proof!"

Well, lets examine the facts. Experts are saying: Depressions have been legislated out of existence. Economic cycles are a way of



Harry Browne, pictured above speaking at Carnegie Hall, is considered the top financial expert in the nation. It would cost you $2500.00 to attend a four hour private consultation. This article will tell you how to get exactly the same information given in these consultations for less than $10.

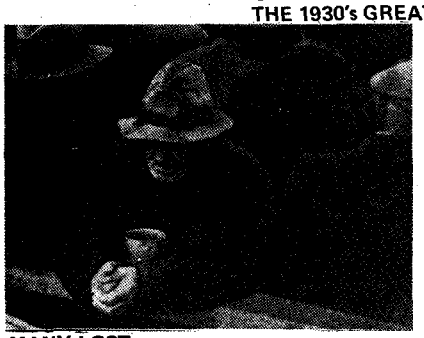
life in any nation that uses inflation to finance the growth of government. A look at the nation indicates a prosperous America. Inflation is a problem but, there are more people working than ever before. Steel production is at 90% capacity. Other industries are setting new production records. There are more products and services available. The president has said there absolutely will not be a depression. The Federal Reserve System has a host of powers with which to control the economy. In addition, there is an intricate structure of governmental programs to undergrid the economy: public works, highway construction, farm programs, anti-monopoly controls, taxing policies, stock market regulation and a multitude of other federal powers. Gold is leaving the treasury, but the nation's currency is backed by our great productive strength, not by a yellow metal. No wonder the experts are saying that our government is now capable of creating permanent prosperity.

Now don't you feel secure? If you do, you had better go back and re-read the foregoing passage. Because, EVERY WORD IN THE ABOVE PARAGRAPH CAME FROM NEWS ITEMS - NOT OF THE PRESENT DAY AMERICA - BUT, OF AMERICA JUST BEFORE THE 1929 CRASH!

What does it mean to be one of the many losers during a depression? It is a horrifying experience! People who have lived thru the 1930's Great Depression are not petrified of depressions without good reason. Here is what it will be like during the depression for the average family.

You will quickly lose your house, car, savings and major possessions. Don't believe that hogwash that banks will not foreclose mortgages during hard times. They will! "Depression Camps" consisting of thrown-together shacks will spring up in vacant slum areas. You will have no money. You won't have water, sewer, gas or electricity. Heating will be done by pot belly stoves that barely provide enough heat. For food you will eat things like dandelions to try to make-up for the sparse rations you get on bread lines. You and your children will go to bed cold and hungry. There will be no shoes for the kids and few clothes. Sounds like a made-up horror story? Ask someone who lived thru it. It is not uncommon to hear of tales like having one shirt for four kids or going without food for several days in a row. Harsh as it may seem, these are cold, hard facts.

THE 1930's GREAT DEPRESSION



MANY LOST....

....BUT FEW PEOPLE KNOW MANY GAINED

What causes depressions? The answer is one word. GOVERNMENT.

Depressions are not caused by unions, stock market speculation, by unregulated free enterprise, by gold speculations, by greedy profiteers, by shortages of demand, by capitalism nor by lack of confidence. Depressions are caused by the government's inflationary printing of money and supplementation of industries which produce products people do not want, but, rather what the government thinks they should have.

Governments without exception are inefficient and incompetent. Federal programs such as social security, etc, are always disasters. There has never been and never will be a problem that will be solved by a government. People think they need government to give them something they can't get on their own. The truth is, however, the government always takes much and gives you back little. The more government there is, the less prosperity.

Because governments are inefficient they cannot operate and expand on existing tax money. They, therefore, turn on the printing presses and make unsecured money--money not backed by gold or silver. They rendered no goods or services to obtain their money. This produces a situation where there is now more money and less goods. Prices are determined by dividing the existing amount of goods into the existing amount of money. Prices are bid up out of sight with the extra unsecured money in circulation. Prices are also bid upward by wages paid by government supported industries who provide no marketable goods or services. Therefore, we have, again, money being dumped on the market, but, no goods or services.

The General Market consists of all market transactions that take place in the country. In other words all buying and selling. If left alone, it is a beautiful self-governing, self regulating system. No government can really control it. When the government tries, the General Market always catches up and wins the struggle with government. The liquidation period of the unsecured money and unwanted industries is called a recession. Depressions are severe recessions prolonged by the fact that the government intervenes and tries in vain to prevent the inevitable liquidation.

However, here's the good news. You are not helpless against this situation. There is something you can do to avoid financial ruin and pick up a tidy profit at the same time.

What is it? You can join the ranks of the many people who use the financial programs of Harry Browne. These people have not only become wealthy, but, their wealth is protected from inflation, recessions and depressions. In everyday, simple language Harry Browne will reveal to you:

- *How to tell when the depression is coming.*
- *How to get your wealth out of endangered areas and into protected, inflation proof investments.*
- *If you now have your money in savings accounts, stocks, bonds, dollars or other related investments, you're in big trouble.*
- *How to raise cash to invest if you don't have it now.*
- *What, where and how to invest to get 300% to 400% and probably much more return on your money with complete safety. Step by step instructions tell you where to go, what to do, who to talk to and what to say.*
- *The timing of investments. What to invest in depending on the economic state.*
- *How to find and set up a retreat for the coming depression, because, the next depression will be a violent one with riots and chaos.*

You can get the above information in several ways. You can attend one of Harry Browne's 4 hour private consultations which would cost you $2500.00. Or, you can get his latest book, YOU CAN PROFIT FROM A MONETARY CRISIS, which contains exactly the same information given in his seminars, thru a special reader's offer below. The book takes only several hours to read and the investment advice is simple and easy to start. It took me all of ten minutes to start my program and I did it all by phone without leaving my house.

You're not being unpatriotic by undertaking such programs. The country consists of people and the land, not politicians. The government did not care about you when they raped your wallet by going along with the "energy shortage", "meat shortage" and all the other contrived "shortages"

But, every minute you wait puts you closer to financial disaster. Be glad tommorrow that you ordered this book today.

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Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

REMEMBERS McNELLY'S RANGERS

Dear Sir,

Names Kevin Black, reporter with the Scottish weekly newspaper *Hamilton Advertiser,* Hamilton, Lanarkshire.

Please find enclosed story I dug up in Hamilton that might interest readers of REAL WEST.

Yours Faithfully,
Kevin Black
c/o Editorial Dept.
Hamilton Advertiser
Press Buildings
Hamilton
Lanarkshire, Scotland
U.K.

As a young boy Archie Fleming (now 77) used to love tales of the rootin' tootin' Wild West.

And he got them at firsthand from his late father, an ex-Texas Ranger.

Archie, who lives at Wellhall House, Hamilton Lanarkshire, Scotland (an eventide home), remembers the tales he heard 70 years ago at his father's knee.

Matthew Fleming, Archie's father, was a hand weaver from the Lanarkshire village of Strathaven, who went to America in 1873 when jobs became scarce in Scotland.

"My dad worked on a plantation owned by Leander H. McNelly", Archie told me.

"McNelly was asked by the Government of the Lone Star State to form a company of men to clear a part of Texas, the Nueces Strip.

"These were real bad-lands, full of Mexican bandits and cattle rustlers. The whole area was in terror."

The Rangers never exceeded 29 men he explained, and they had to be tough.

They were called McNelly's Rangers — nicknamed Little McNellys after their leader who was reputed to be one of the fastest guns in the state.

Archie proudly produced a photostat copy of the roll of the Texas Rangers in December 1875, and in black and white was the signature, of Matthew L. Fleming.

He also showed me a book, *The Taming of the Nueces Strip,* by an ex-Ranger, George Durham, and in marked passages appears the name, "Matt Fleming".

After three years in the Rangers, Matt Fleming felt the call to come home and returned to Scotland in 1878.

"He only went to America once after that, and that was a short visit to New Jersey", Archie said.

"He had his excitement and he settled down to a peaceful life.

"I always remember him as a gentle, old man full of memories."

An avid reader of *Real West,* Arhice would welcome any letters from the States from people who might have had relations in the ranks of McNelly's 29.

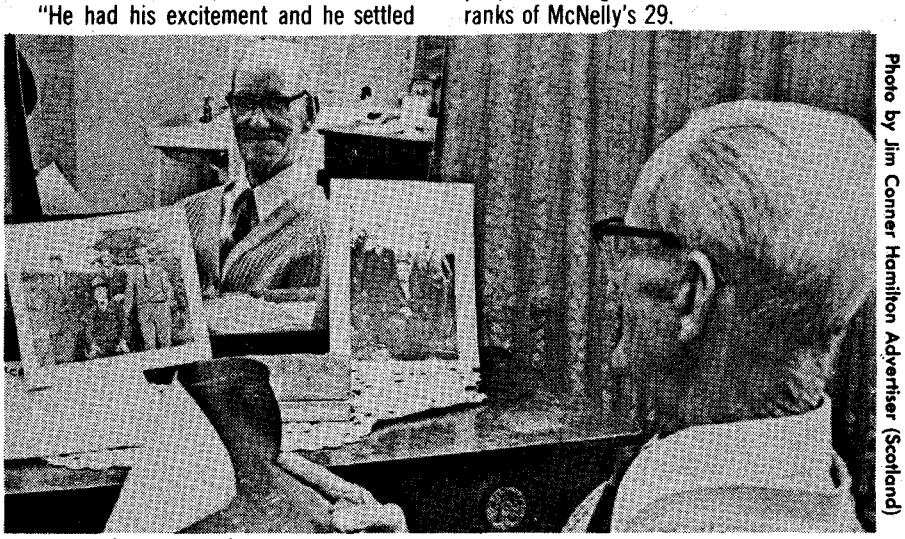

Photo by Jim Conner Hamilton Advertiser (Scotland)

Archie Fleming, with his prize collection of photographs, books and documents.

REMEMBERS MADRID

Dear Sirs,

In the December 1973 issue of R.W. I was interested in a short story by, Leonard H. Boucher, titled "Ghost Towns I Have Known" The town was Madrid, New Mexico.

I was born in Madrid, N.M. in Oct. 1929. My father worked in the coal mines. His name was Estevan Martinez. He worked until about 1934 or 35. He was injured in a cave-in, and about six months after quitting the mine and moving to Albuquerque N.M. he died of the injuries. We never returned to Madrid. My older brother also worked in the mines. He was about 17 years old at the time.

His name was Flaviano Guttierrez. He died in Los Angeles, Calif. in 1960.

My two other brothers attended school in Madrid; their names are Joe, and Ray. We lived right across from the arroyo, directly across from the baseball field. We used to have a German Shepherd who used to bring baseballs home that were hit over the fence. My family and I are planning on visiting Madrid in Aug. of 1975.

Sincerely Yours,
Enrique Martinez
6029 Kirkwood Road
Boise, Idaho 83705

Dear Sir:

I am seeking information on the McGillis family. My grandparents came to Cleveland Ohio from Montreal Canada.

Grandmother died, and some of the children were placed in a children's home. The Supt. of that home was a Mr. Sampson. Some of the children were Wm. Allen Alexander born 6-15-1866, Archie raised by someone in Hudson Ohio.

Wm. & Alex lived out their lives in N.E. Ohio. Their father stayed around Cleveland & disappeared. He may have gone back to Canada. Some of the others worked on lake boats & may have gotten off at the head of lakes & gone west.

Wm. McGillis
7694 Corinth Court Rd.
Farmdale, Ohio 44417

(continued on page 51)

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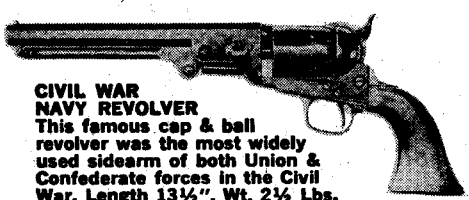

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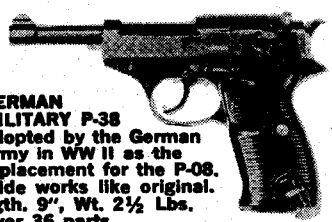

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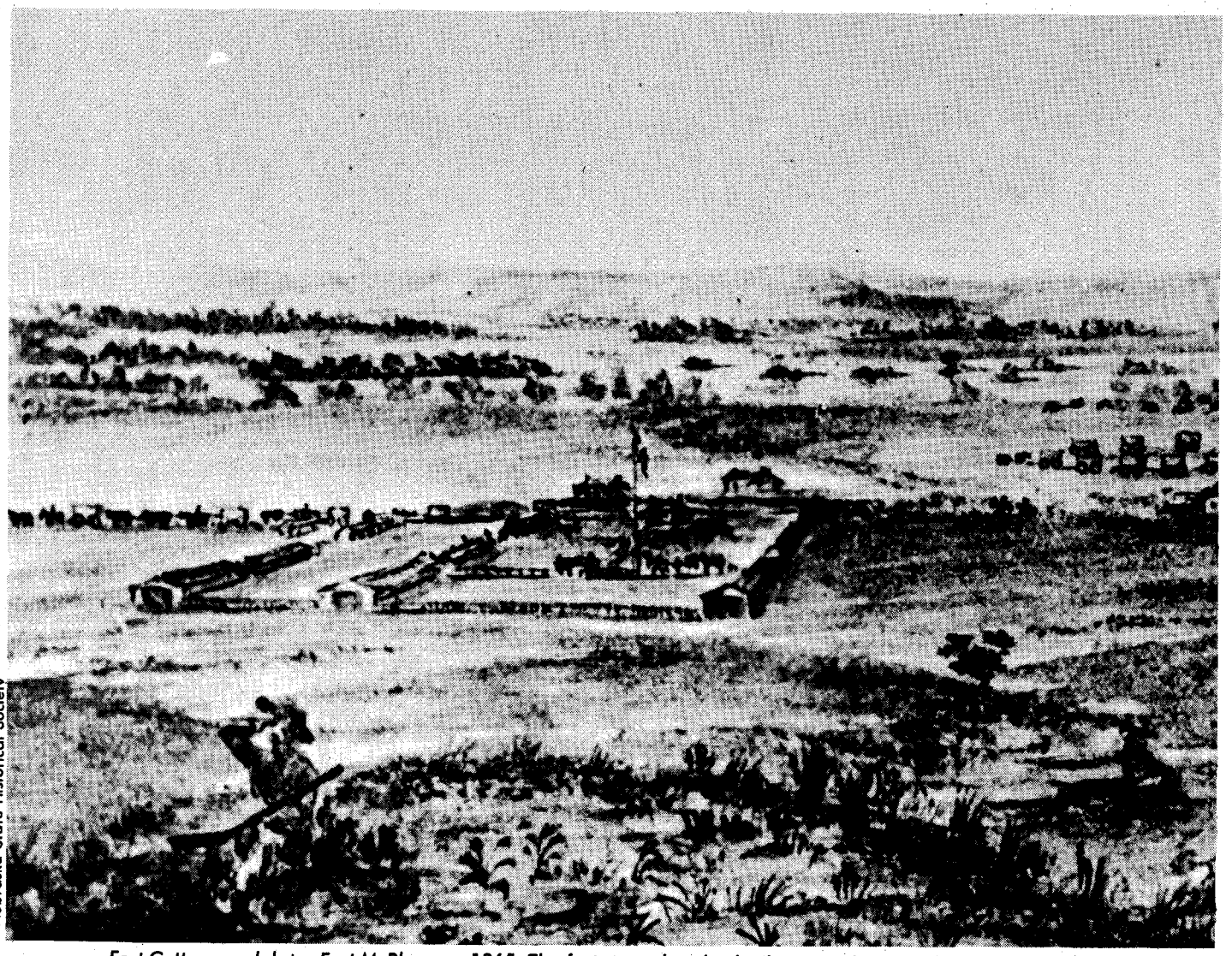
FORTS OF THE WEST

FORT McPHERSON, NEBRASKA TERRITORY

By Louise Cheney

In 1863, Company G of the Seventh Cavalry was ordered to proceed via the Oregon Trail to Cottonwood Spring on the bank of the Platte River. It was called Fort Cottonwood in the first hectic days of its existence when some of the bloodiest Indian wars were fought in the Nebraska Territory.



Nebraska State Historical Society

Fort Cottonwood, later Fort McPherson, 1865. The fort was a hundred miles west of Fort Kearney and was originally occupied as a trading post by Sylvanus Dodge, father of General Dodge.

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PART I

On the south bank of the Platte River, twelve miles east of the confluence of the North and South Platte Rivers and eighteen miles from North Platte City and five miles from McPherson Station on the Union Pacific Railroad, stands the site of old Fort McPherson of Nebraska Territory. Established in 1863 and abandoned in 1880, it is identified with the Indian wars on the Great Plains. It did much to advance civilization in the Territory and greatly aided in settling the land and in speeding traffic safely to the west.

The establishment of the post was brought about largely by the Civil War which was raging at the time. It was of vital importance that the great west, then untamed, remain a part of the Union. The Union alleged that the Confederates were inciting the Indians, thus causing the Union Army to take troops away from the southern and eastern fronts to cope with the Indians who were harassing the western part of the United States. In 1862 there occurred the massacre of many settlers in the southern part of Minnesota.

The western situation in 1863 was critical, as the trouble with the Indians spread to Nebraska Territory. In fact, it created such an emergency that the Territorial Governor of Nebraska Territory asked the Federal Government for aid in the form of military forces.

The Platte Valley was on the way to California and the lands along the pacific coast. The Confederates were trying mightily to turn the sympathy of California to their side.

Fort Kearney had already been established in 1848 at the head of Grand Island in the Territory. And in 1849 Fort Laramie in Wyoming had been purchased from the American Fur Company. But three hundred miles lay between these outposts.

By the middle of 1863 the need was so urgent for more posts in the west (Nebraska Territory especially) that orders were issued on September 18 detailing a part of Company G of the Seventh Cavalry to go to Cottonwood Spring and build a fort.

The land at the selected spot was primitive. Cottonwood Spring was on the south side of the Platte River near the mouth of Cottonwood Canyon. An old cottonwood tree marked the spring. The trail which brought the troops to the spot was the famous Oregon Trail which led to the northwest. The Indians had used this trail from east to west as had many fur trappers, traders and emigrants. The mouth of Cottonwood Canyon had been selected as a site because it was a part of the trail used by the Indians when moving north and south. The Mormon Trail and the California Trails lay across the Platte River to the north. So the location was indeed a strategic one.

When the troopers arrived they made a temporary campsite. Then they set about erecting the military post. The canyons held many cedars, and work details set about chopping and trimming them for lumber. By the first snow, many of the buildings were completed, though there was no window glass. The troopers moved in anyway since the weather was very cold.

The post was first called Cantonment McKean, but soon the name was changed to Post Cottonwood and then Fort Cottonwood.

During the first winter the troopers were quite busy guarding the area. When the weather warmed, up went more buildings.

Next we come to the physical description of the post. For this I am indebted to the Assistant Surgeon General's Report. When finished, Fort Cottonwood was a staunch post surrounded by a stockade, as many of the western forts were. It was to prove a bulwark against the Indians and for the settlers and travelers in that part of Nebraska Territory. Dr. C. L. Heinzmann's description follows:

"The buildings were around a quadrangle 844 x 560 feet. Two sides were formed by five barracks' buildings, two of frame and three of log with shingle roofs and wings. In each building there were 18 windows and compartments which were used as dormitories, orderly rooms, cooking and dining areas. Single beds were used and ventilation came via the windows and roof-ventilators.

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"One side of the quadrangle was used as officers' quarters. All were in good repair. Three single buildings were on a line with the hospital in the rear of the main line of officers' quarters. There were four double buildings and one commanding officers' quarters. All buildings in this area had kitchens 24 x 15 feet.

"The adjutant's office occupied the fourth side and was 41 x 30 feet. It was framed and lathed and had a shingle roof. Three single buildings, and four double and one commanding officers' quarters also stood there. Two of the single were on a line with the hospital in the rear of the main line of officer's quarters. All had kitchens 24 x 15 feet. The commissary storehouse was 96 x 36 x 30 feet. The band quarters had wings and were 52 x 22 feet.

"The quartermaster's warehouse of log was 132 x 30 feet. The six houses for the laundresses numbered five of log and one of frame, making six in all. The Cavalry stables were of logs with shingle roofs."

Fort Cottonwood was located in Latitude 41° 3′ north. longitude 23° 35′ west at an elevation of 2,770 feet above sea level.

The soil was sandy and difficult to till, and the post gardens were not very successful. The native grasses grew abundantly, and cottonwoods, willow and wild plum trees were present in large quantities.

Three wells, having a depth of 35 feet, and Cottonwood Spring were at first the sources of water, but due to a large amount of organic matter polluting them, the river was later relied upon, the water being delivered via water wagon.

The stagecoaches passed by the new post, and each time they came they stopped for a short rest. The most dangerous part of their route lay between Fort Kearney to the east and Fort Cottonwood. Stage stations were located every ten miles on the route.

The first commander of the new post was Major M. O'Brian, and under him was the Seventh Iowa Volunteers.

General Robert B. Mitchell, the District Commander, arranged for a council with the tribes of the Sioux on Arpil 17, 1864. The Sioux readily agreed, and as the date set for the council approached, the Indians came in large numbers to gather and to make camp about two miles west of the post. The entire garrison of the post was uneasy over the great crowd of Indians, so the fort was put on an around-the-clock alert. On the appointed morning about a hundred braves on their finest horses came near the post. They were bedecked in their finest clothing. The Indians dismounted and, as a result of their meeting with the whites, left all their visible weapons behind. The officers who were to take part in the council came forward in full dress uniform. They also left behind all their visible arms.

The meeting was held in a new building on the post. The Indians squatted on one side while the white officers sat on the other. The peace pipe was brought forth and both officers and Indians puffed it.

The Indians at the Council represented the Sioux tribes which came near the jurisdiction of the new military post. The Ogallala Sioux were under Chief Bad Wound, and from the northeast were the Minneconjous. From the northwest were the Brules under Chief Spotted Tail. Other chiefs were Eagle Twice, Two Crows, the Big Mandan, Two Strikes and Prickly Pear.

General Mitchell opened the meeting telling the Sioux in honeyed words that the Great White Chief in Washington wanted them to stay out of the Platte Valley. There lay the great trails and Indians on those trails upset the white emigrants. The Big Mandan then spoke to the Council. He noted that the Indians were not interested in the Platte Valley as it had been denuded of grass by the whites and their stock. He went on to say that the Platte Valley and all of the land north to the Niobrara River belonged to the Sioux and that they would not give it up. He criticized the whites by saying that they did not keep their promises to the Indians.

This ired General Mitchell, and he said bluntly that if the Indians did not stay out of the Platte Valley, the army would use force.

The chiefs in turn were ired by these threats, and they presented these terms: that the treaties between the white men and the red men must be rigidly kept; that all military expeditions on the Niobrara must cease, since the best buffalo grounds lay south of the Platte; and that the Smoky Hill Road must be closed. The general, seeing that the meeting was approaching a stalemate, suggested hastily that both sides ponder the problem and reconvene in fifty days.

The spring was on its way, and the Confederates put all possible pressure to force the Union to transfer more troops from the southern and eastern fronts. The Indians in Kansas were being spurred on by the Confederates who sought to alienate the Cheyennes. The Comanches had also been aroused against the Union. In fact, the Indians had been aroused as far as Kansas and southern Nebraska, and the Brules north of the Platte River had been stirred up also. It was reported by an Indian runner that a Cheyenne chieftain had been through the Brule bands with a cavalry sergeant's jacket, watch and other items and was showing them off as trophies. The runner also reported that the Cheyennes were starting war dances. The troopers at Fort Cottonwood feared that the Brules would attack, so much caution was taken there.

Civilian employees were used at the post. Washington Hinman was the interpreter, and Alfred Gay and John Smith were Indian scouts. These two scouts often went into hostile Indian country to obtain information on the Cheyennes.

While the Sioux let it be known that they were willing to be friendly with the whites, the Cheyennes advocated a war to the teeth. Then Smith and Gay carried invitations to all the tribes to come to the post for another council. And the council was held. The chieftains, Bad Wound, Whistler, Spotted Tail, Two Crows, Two Strikes, Long Face and Little Thunder, appeared to speak with the officers of the post. Little Thunder was ill, so he authorized Spotted Tail to act for him.

The Sioux, when asked if they would fight, answered that they would never fight the whites and did not wish to battle the Cheyennes.

Major O'Brian, the post commander, told the Indians that he would try and deliver their goods to Fort Laramie but could not guarantee that they would always be on time. He also advised the Indians to avoid troublemaking white men and warned that should they make depredations, they would be punished.

The Indians maintained that they wished to remain friends with the whites. They promised to obey Major O'Brian.

The two scouts, Smith and Gay, went into the Sioux country and Cheyenne country and reported that they had been surrounded near Medicine Lake Creek, but their Sioux friends had come to their rescue. They were well received at a Sioux village, and they brought back the news that the Sioux thought that the Cheyennes would soon attack the settlements on the Platte. They also

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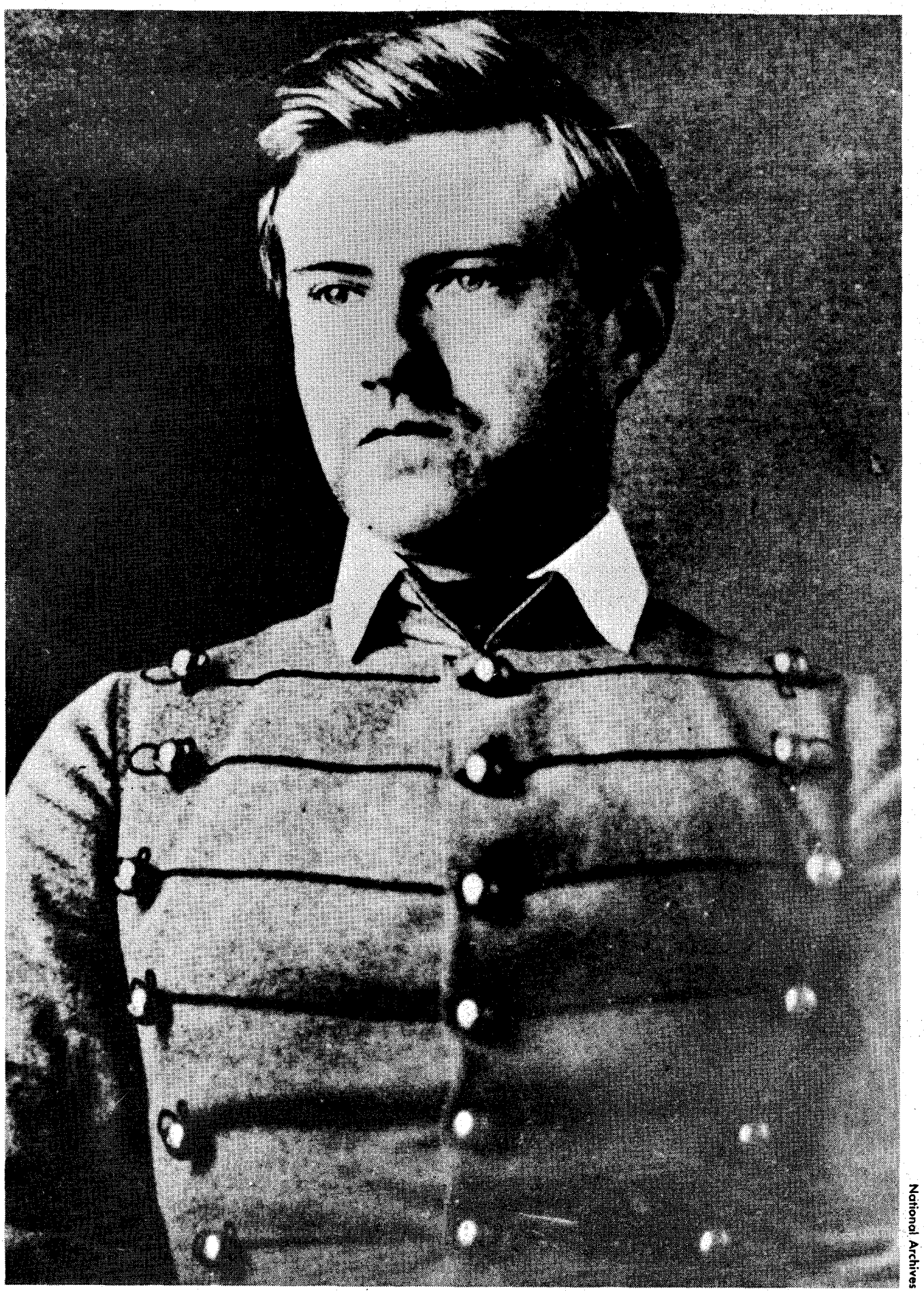

National Archives

Captain George O. Sokalski, colorful and controversial officer who was at Fort McPherson.

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learned that the Cheyennes were well armed and that the Arapahoes, Kiowas, Cheyennes and Comanches had consolidated.

Another council was held by General Mitchell at the post on June 8; it met with no success. The whites and Indians then promised to meet again in fifty days.

In the meantime, the Sioux and Cheyennes were raiding and plundering and becoming more violent day by day. General Mitchell grew so concerned that he ordered all emigrant trains be halted and the post be alerted.

And finally another council was held. General Mitchell proposed what has been called the Pawnee Plan, which was concerned with the enmity between the Sioux and Pawnee tribes. His proposal was that the two tribes cease hostilities and live at peace.

The Sioux brought not only their chiefs but also their women and children, dogs and extra horses, all in one group. When they saw the Pawnees, they became belligerent and began edging toward them. General Mitchell hastily ordered Company D of the Seventh Iowa Cavalry to form a line to the river, spacing themselves about fifty yards apart, each trooper to have his saber drawn, facing alternately toward the east and the west in order to see both the Pawnees and the Sioux. He ordered both tribes back.

The general then handed his sword to an orderly and commanded him to ride to a central point and stab it into the ground. The point in question was to be the spot for the Pawnees and the Sioux to talk.

Two howitzers were fired to show the Indians the might of the white man. General Mitchell then talked with both tribes and told them that the Great White Father wished peace between the tribes of the Indians, and there would be plenty for them all.

The Sioux strutted in a show of strength and declared that they would take what they wanted. The Pawnee agreed that they were willing to live at peace and asked for cooperation from the Sioux.

Then the Sioux became arrogant, saying that the people of the white nation were at war with each other, and asked how the Great White Father could expect the Indian tribes to be at peace.

Then General Mitchell grew angry at this tirade and ordered the Sioux to get out of the Platte Valley, and to stay out! By this time it was twilight, and the Sioux loaded up and moved across the river, shouting angrily as they crossed.

And thus began the violence that was to wrack Nebraska Territory for many years to come.

In fact, the violence began immediately after the council. On August 7 in the early morning, two wagon trains were attacked by hostiles near Plum Creek Station fifty miles east of the fort, and all members were killed or captured. This was the Plum Creek Massacre.

On that day and the next, the Indians, now thoroughly enraged, attacked every traveler they met between Fort Kearney and Julesburg, Colorado Territory. They killed, burned and ravished. Several settlers near Fort Cottonwood were slain by Indians. Many more would have been killed except for the fact that word of the massacres had come via telegraph to all stations nearby and many settlers fled to the safety of the fort.

As autumn approached, the Indians became more violent. It was on September 20, 1864 that some of the troopers at the post were massacred. Scurvy had broken out at the post, and the doctor prescribed fruit as a cure. To the south (in Cottonwood Canyon) lay plum thickets with ripe fruit. A Captain Mitchell (no relation to General Mitchell), Corporal Anderson and an orderly loaded seven scurvy patients in an ambulance and drove them to the canyon to eat the fruit. The first thickets they found had been picked clean by other patients, so they rode seven miles from the post. There they met two troopers who were rounding up mules.

The men were not afraid, but suddenly they heard the crash of rifles. They saw a few approaching Indians who were firing their rifles. The patients, Mitchell and the orderly hastily boarded the ambulance. The two troopers were now mounted, and they began to retreat. One was riding a mule and the Indians wounded him, then they caught him and killed him. As the ambulance rushed around a bend, another large band of Indians came toward them.

The captain, fearing that they would be surrounded, told the driver to head up the canyon wall and try to ascend the tableland in order to get around the Indians and reach the fort.

Captain Mitchell was armed with a Henry rifle and two revolvers. The orderly had a revolver and a Sharps carbine, single shot. The sick were unarmed.

In spite of the fact that the horses of the ambulance were galloping, the Indians gained. Captain Mitchell knew that the hostiles would surround the vehicle, so he called to the driver to stop and make a stand. He was hoping that the fort would hear the shots and rescue them. The driver urged his team to greater speed.

Mitchell then ordered Anderson to take the reins. He tried but fell from the lurching vehicle. The captain them attempted to reach the brakes and he also fell out. The Indians were under a rise and failed to see the men fall out. Anderson had held on to his Spencer, but Mitchell had only his two revolvers. Then the hostiles saw Anderson and fired on him. Anderson then killed an Indian. In all, he killed nine hostiles before he was killed.

Just after the Indians had murdered Anderson, another band of Indians rode up and bragged that they had captured the ambulance and killed all the occupants. Captain Mitchell sadly made his way to the fort and told of the tragedy. This became known as the Cottonwood Massacre.

Colonel R.R. Livingston, who was the commanding officer, was placed in charge of the eastern sub-district of Nebraska Territory. His command covered over 400 miles from the Missouri to the east and included Julesburg, Colorado Territory, the Oregon Trail, all telegraph lines from the south side of the Platte, and the Mormon Trail on the north bank of the Platte. He had under his command one Battalion of Nebraska Veteran Cavalry, four companies of Nebraska Militia, making a total of 971 troopers. This command had thirteen pieces of artillery.

At the time, the only two military posts between Fort Laramie and the Missouri River were Forts Kearney and Cottonwood.

The Indian situation in Nebraska Territory was quite bad, as the hostiles were attacking all over. All stagecoaches had to have military protection as did all wagon trains.

Finally Colonel Livingston decided to fire the prairies so as to run the game out, hoping that would stop the depredations. On October 22, 1864 the prairies of the south side of the Platte were fired from about 20 miles west of Julesburg to ten miles east of Fort Kearney. The blaze was fanned by a strong wind along a front of 200 miles. The Indians panicked, and they broke their camps and fled

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Nebraska State Historical Society

National Cemetery at Ft. McPherson, Memorial Day 1911.

from the devouring flames. The country was totally devastated.

The land between Plum Creek and Fort Cottonwood became most dangerous to travel. Many reports of Indian attacks in this vicinity came in. No stagecoach on the route was safe, nor was the way secure for any wagon train. Departure times for the stages were restricted to allow for military escorts. The Indian War of 1864 raged in all its fury.

Fort Kearney had a large depot of supplies, and Fort Cottonwood had a small one to provision emigrants who passed their way. The government was doing all within its power to aid the emigrants on their way to settle the west.

Captain O'Brian and Eugene Ware, along with ten troopers and one howitzer, were ordered out of Fort Cottonwood to Julesburg to help that community and Fort Sedgwick. Indians were reported as attacking all about. At Alkali Station a stagecoach joined the troopers. On the stage were four heavily armed Denver-bound men.

When the party came near the post at Julesburg, they saw great columns of smoke pluming upward. They could not see the fort. The party, sensing danger, moved slowly; one man moved forward enough so that he could see the fort. He saw hundreds of Indians galloping around the station and shooting at the fort.

The hay stored in the station was burning. The man returned to the party and related news. They decided to charge directly at the fort and fight their way through to the stockade. The party then galloped in a full

(continued on page 64)

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THE SORROWS OF CHIEF CHARLOT

By Thomas Frazier

Jesuit missionary, Father De Smet said of the Flathead Indian tribe they were friendly, trustworthy, cooperative, and outstandingly honest. In 1855, Chief Victor, father of Chief Charlot signed a treaty with the Governor of Washington Territory. The whites broke it.

Ask almost anyone to name some Indian tribes and invariably you will hear: Sioux — Cheyenne — Crow — Pawnee; maybe even Nez Perce and Paiute, but almost never Flathead. Why is this? Well, it is true that they were a small tribe, numbering no more than six hundred at the time of which we write, but they did possess a distinction: they had never shed the blood of a white man. On the contrary, they were desirous, even eager, for the friendship of the whites. As early as the 1830's they had dispatched a messenger to St. Louis, asking that missionaries be sent to teach them the Christian religion.

While the other tribes fiercely resisted the encroachment of the whites, meeting cruelty with cruelty, the Flatheads were conciliatory, deprecating, always ready to engage in talks, always reasonable. Ross Cox, who visited the Salish (their other name) in 1812 said that they had fewer failings than any other trible he had known.

He spoke of their honesty, their bravery in the field (against other tribes), their obedient demeanor toward their chiefs, their cleanliness, and their hatred of falsehood.The Jesuit missionary Father De Smet, the explorers Lewis and Clark, and their agent, Peter Ronan, all left similar laudatory accounts. General James Garfield, the future President, who negotiated with them in the eighteen-seventies, commented on their intelligence. How did we, the white invader, respond?

In July of 1855, old Chief Victor, father of Chief Charlot, sat in council with Governor Stevens of Washington Territory. The area where the meeting took place is now known as western Montana. The Great White Father, said Governor Stevens, was most desirous that the Flatheads move onto the Jocko Reservation with the Kalispel and Kootenais tribes. More land for new white settlers was the object, and Governor Stevens waxed eloquent as he extolled the virtue of peace with the white man. Chief Victor was wholeheartedly in favor of peace with the whites, in accordance with the long tradition of his tribe, but he had misgivings about moving from his ancestral lands, the home of his people for generations.

It is a strong feeling, approaching the religious, and was common to all the Indians. However, always counciliatory, the Flathead chief offered to cede a large portion of his territory to the whites for settlement if he could be allowed to stay on that portion of his lands in the Bitter Root Valley above Lolo Creek. Little enough to ask, in view of the large portion he voluntarily surrendered.

He was firm on this point, and after eight days of powwow the Governor conceded the request. Not wholly, however. The Governor caused to be inserted into the treaty Article Eleven, which specified that the Government had the right to later conduct surveys to determine whether it were better for the Flatheads to remain where they desired or move to the Jocko Reservation. The assumption is that the phrase "whether it were better" applied to the welfare of the Indians and not the Government. Chief Victor was satisfied.

For seventeen years the Flatheads remained in the Bitter Root Valley, living as their people had lived for generations. Although the government apparently had forgotten their part of the bargain, to send blacksmiths, carpenters, artisans and schoolteachers, the Flatheads were happy and did not complain. The river teemed with fish, there were still plenty of bear and deer on the timbered slopes of the mountain, and the grass of the meadows was lush and plentiful to maintain the growing herd of fine ponies. In the meantime the Civil War erupted and the white man was too busy to bother with the Flatheads.

In 1870 old Chief Victor died and his only son, Little Claw of the Grizzly Bear, took over the hereditary chieftainship. Little Claw's baptismal name was Charlot, for most of the Flatheads were devout Christians, Charlot was a fine physical specimen, broad-shouldered and stocky, with rugged features and a large mouth. His disposition was quiet but firm.

Life went on, and although there had been no survey as agreed in the treaty of 1855 to determine whether to consider the Bitter Root Valley where the Flatheads lived as a reservation or to open it up to white settlement, the whites had been moving in in great numbers. Houses, barns and enclosed fields were spreading over the Valley. The Flatheads weren't being crowded *out,* but they certainly were being crowded. Agent W.J. McCormick pointed this out to the government.

The most lush and eligible portions of the Valley (he said) were being turned into farms and enclosed fields. He went on further to declare his belief that the Flatheads certainly would not have ceded the large portions of their land to the whites except in the conviction that the Valley they now occupied would be theirs forever. Instead, the whites, without the promised survey and without specific permission, were coming in great numbers.

President Grant, that most easily persuaded of men, decided that the most practicable solution would be to arbitrarily move the Flatheads en masse to the Jocko Reservation. Accordingly on June 5, 1872, Congress passed a bill for the removal of the tribe. The deal was sweetened by the provision that the Government would build sixty houses for them, deliver six hundred bushels of wheat the first year, plow the land and fence it, and give them agricultural tools.

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In addition, $5,000 appropriated for their removal was to be distributed among them, and an additional sum of $50,000 was to be paid to them in ten annual installments. The tribe, on their part, was to move when the houses were completed, except that those of the tribe who wished to remain in the Valley could do so, provided they took up farming. Some had already done this.

This was a very fair offer if one forgets that seventeen years before, the government had forgotten to keep its promise to conduct a survey to determine whether the tribe could live in Bitter Root in perpetuity — that is, make the Valley their reservation, free from white settlement. The govenment may have forgotten their broken promise, but Chief Charlot did not. He and his brethren, their natural sense of honor about keeping one's word enhanced by their Christian indoctrination, remembered the broken promise and sat tight.

News of the removal order was public knowledge, and the whites, no doubt welcoming the desired opening of the rest of the Valley to them, claimed to be apprehensive of trouble stemming from expected resistance to the order. Bands of Nez Perce were camped temporarily nearby, en route to the buffalo hunting grounds in central Montana. "They are going to band together," ran the rumor like wildfire, "and attack us."

Which, of course, was ridiculous, considering the history of Flathead and white relations for generations. Nonetheless, the Bitter Root citizens appealed to Territorial Governor Benjamin Potts. In response thereto, he ordered 300 muskets and 30,000 rounds of ammunition to be issued. The citizens further urged the establishment of a cavalry post in the Valley.

The Secretary of the Interior, apprised of the situation, appointed General James A. Garfield, a future President, to investigate and to persuade the Flatheads to comply with the removal order. He arrived in August, 1872 and shortly thereafter transmitted a realistic summary of the situation. It was apparent, he said in his report, that the threat of an attack was nonexistent. The main purpose of the alarming appeal of the citizens was to have a military post established in the neighborhood, to which they could sell their produce and meat.

Later in August of 1872, General Garfield and his aides held a six-hour conference in the Flathead camp. Representing the Indians were Chief Charlot, head chief; Arlee, second chief; and Adolf, third chief. The nub of the discussion centered around the fateful eleventh article in the 1855 treaty. Garfield and his aides pointed to this and made the point that the President thereby was empowered to decide whether the Flatheads were to stay in Bitter Root Valley or move to the Jocko Reservation.

Charlot and his sub-chiefs agreed but insisted, rightly, that in accordance with the article, the President had to first undertake a survey to determine factually that the reservation was more suited to the Flatheads than the ancestral valley they now occupied. If the Valley was more suitable to their way of life, then the Valley should be made their reservation.

They further insisted (rightly again) that the survey should have been made immediately after ratification of the 1855 treaty and that the silence and inaction of the government for seventeen years was an admission that the Valley was to be their permanent home — a solid legal point made by people shortly before classified as savages. They further stated that the schoolmasters, blacksmiths, carpenters and farmers promised to them at the time had never been sent.

A modern lawyer might say that the government had breached the contract by noncompliance. Garfield closed the interview with the question posed to the chiefs, which seemed to hold an incipient threat: Have you decided to disobey the order of the President and the act of Congress? He asked for an answer by morning. He further invited the chiefs to accompany him on a tour of the Jocko Reservation so that they might decide its suitability as their future home.

After the tour of the reservation, the chiefs became divided. The two sub-chiefs were agreeable to the removal, but Charlot remained adamant. On August 27, Garfield drew up a removal agreement in the usual legal language which referred to the 1855 promise to survey the land to determine its suitability as a home for the Flatheads. This survey, said the document, had been performed. (It had not; the lands in question were not surveyed and examined until 1889.

It went on to promise again the erection on the reservation of sixty houses, the provision of 600 bushels of wheat, the immediate $5,000 and the ten yearly payments totaling $50,000, all of which had been promised before. There was a place in the document for "Charlot, his mark," "Arlee, his mark" and "Adolf, his mark". Arlee and Adolf signed; Charlot did not.

The houses promised were not completed until June, 1873. The next year Arlee's small following moved to the reservation. Chief Charlot, with the majority of the tribe, stood watching. He had not given permission for Arlee's group to leave.

The Flatheads' obedience had been traditional, so this deviance hurt him. Another thing that shocked him was the fact that the copy of the agreement sent to the Senate for ratification bore his, Charlot's mark.

He knew he had not signed, and this forgery (what else was it?) cut him to the quick. Remember, he was basically an honorable man, and this sense of honor had been strengthened by the Christian education he had received. It was a sin to lie. The forgery is substantiated by the fact that the original document filed at Washington for record purposes and the copy filed at the agency did not bear the chief's signature — just the copy sent to the Senate.

How does one explain this? Was Garield "on the make" politically and reluctant to prolong the removal matter? In a letter to the Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Montana (on the same date as that of the contract) he said that "after full consultation with you" he had decided to proceed with the removal just as if Charlot had agreed; feeling, he said, that after things got rolling, Charlot would come around. A more significant admission is contained in an excerpt from a letter to his wife in August of 1872, concerning the removal matter, in which he wrote, "moreover, I greatly dislike to fail in anything I undertake." After all, Charlot was only an Indian.

The forgery had most unfortunate consequences. It embittered Charlot, hitherto so open, agreeable and trustful. He became stubborn and suspicious. The removal agreement, upon its publication, opened the gates to more white settlers in the Valley; a new tide of immigration rushed in. Charlot's small tribe became hemmed in, poor and miserable. Denied the natural activities enjoyed by the previous generation, the young men of the tribe hung around the saloons of the settlement, Stevensville, and advanced on a new career: alcoholism.

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Courtesy Historical Society of Montana, Helena

Indian Agent Peter Ronan with the Flathead delegation he escorted to Washington in January 1884. Top Row: Hand-Shot-Off, Peter Ronan and Michel Revais. Center: Antoine Moiese, Charlot, Grizzly-Bear-Far-Away. Bottom: Abel.

Charlot generally remained friendly to the whites, but now he did not approve of their adopting the ways of the whites. Significantly, Charlot, the exemplary Christian, told the clerics who conducted the school that he would not allow the boys of his tribe to attend classes if they were required to cut their hair (always parted in the middle and worn in two long braids). It seemed to him now to be "bad medicine" to imitate the ways of the whites. Adding to his burden of woe, the government had recognized Arlee, the second chief, as head chief of the tribe and had funneled all the benefits from the government to him, while Charlot and his faithful barely survived.

The government had callously ignored the traditional loyalty, almost a religious precept, of the tribe to its hereditary chief by hailing Arlee as chief. To Arlee they channeled the welfare needed by Charlot and the majority of the tribe remaining loyal

(continued on page 52)

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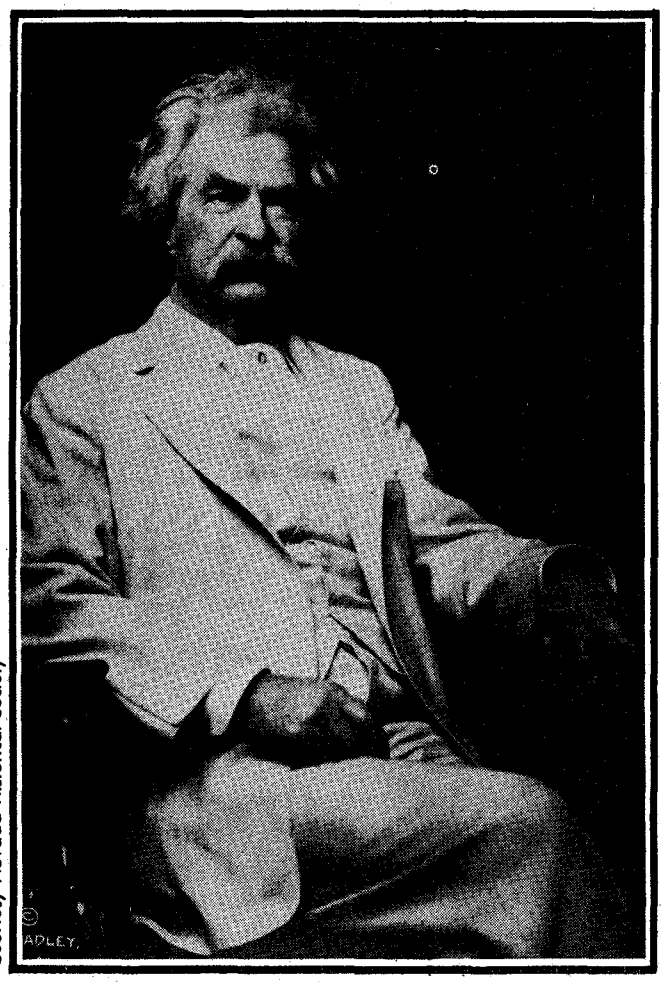
MARK TWAIN'S FAVORITE WESTERN STORIES

by Stephanie C. Shulsinger

Mark Twain was working as a Mississippi riverboat pilot when the Civil War closed the river to all traffic. So Mark Twain headed West where he filled his head with the rich material that enlivened his writing in his long successful career in later life. Many of his funniest stories are told here.



Courtesy Nevada Historical Society

Mark Twain

When the Civil War closed traffic on the Mississippi River in 1861, Mark Twain headed west for a three-month vacation. Although he couldn't return to his job as a riverboat pilot until the tensions eased, he certainly didn't expect to stay away for more than five years. But the Far West was such an interesting place that the budding author wandered around a good part of it, trying different jobs, and filling his head with rich material that would later add depth and heart to his great stories.

Although he worked in both Nevada and California, mostly as a reporter, the great humorist always loved a yarn, and he either picked up or manufactured some first-rate western stories. The most famous of these was "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," which he first heard in a saloon in Angels Camp and set down in his own vivid style. However, this was only one of many such stories which Mark Twain's genius transformed into treasured western humor. Another one was Jim Blaine's story of his grandfather's old ram.

The boys at a Nevada mining camp insisted that Mark Twain had to hear Jim Blaine tell this story. The only trouble was that old Jim had to be in just the right stage of intoxication to tell it, so for days Mark Twain followed Blaine around, without success. Finally, one evening the word circulated that Blaine was just right, "tranquilly, serenely, symmetrically drunk", so everyone hurried over to hear his famous tale. The red-faced miner started right in:

"I don't reckon them times will ever come again. There never was a more bullier old ram than what he was. Grandfather fetched him from Illinois — got him off a man by the name of Yates — Bill Yates — maybe you might have heard of him; his father was a deacon — Baptist — and he was a rustler, too; a man had to get up ruther early to get the start of old Thankful Yates; it was him that put the Greens up to jining teams with my grandfather when he moved west. Seth Green was prob'ly the pick of the flock; he married a Wilkerson — Sara Wilkerson — good cretur, she was — one of the likeliest heifers that was ever raised in old Stoddard, everybody said that knowed her. She could heft a bar'l of flour as easy as I can flirt a flapjack. And spin? Don't mention it!"

The speaker droned on from one subject to another, while his listeners waited breathlessly to hear more about the old ram. Finally he got around to telling about his uncle's dog:

"Uncle Lem's dog — I wish you could a seen that dog. He was a reg'lar shepherd — or ruther he was part bull and part shepherd — splendid animal; belonged to Parson Hagar before Uncle Lem got him. Parson Hagar belonged to the Western Reserve Hagars; prime family; his mother was a Watson; one of his sisters married a Wheeler; they settled in Morgan County, and he got nipped by the machinery in a carpet factory and went through in less than a quarter of a minute; his widder bought the piece of carpet that had his remains wove in, and people come a hundred mile to 'tend the funeral."

"There was fourteen yards in the piece. She wouldn't let them roll him up, but planted him just so — full length. The church was middling small where they preached the funeral, and they had to let one end of the coffin stick out of the window. They didn't bury him — they planted one end and let him stand up, same as a monument. And they nailed a sign on it and put — put on — put on it — sacred to — the m-e-m-o-r-y — of fourteen y-a-r-d-s — of three-ply car ... pet — containing all that was — m-o-r-t-a-l — of — of — W-i-l-l-i-a-m — W-h-e —"

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Mark Twain tells us what happened next:

"Jim Blaine had been growing gradually drowsy and drowsier — his head nodded, once, twice, three times — dropped peacefully upon his breast, and he fell tranquilly asleep. The tears were running down the boys' cheeks — they were suffocating with suppressed laughter — and had been from the start, though I had never noticed it. I perceived that I was 'sold.' I learned then that Jim Blaine's peculiarity was that whenever he reached a certain stage of intoxication, no human power could keep him from setting out, with impressive unction, to tell about a wonderful adventure which he had once had with his grandfather's old ram — and the mention of the ram in the first sentence was as far as any man had ever heard him get, concerning it. He always maundered off, interminably, from one thing to another, till his whiskey got the best of him and he fell asleep. What the thing was that happened to him and his grandfather's old ram is a dark mystery to this day, for nobody has ever yet found out."

Mark Twain had come to Nevada Territory in 1861 with his brother, Orion, who was appointed territorial secretary by President Lincoln. At first the young man served as his brother's private secretary, but he soon succumbed to the silver fever that followed discovery of the Comstock Lode. He tried his hand at mining but never hit a lucky ledge or a glory hole.

Mining was a hard, grueling business, and Mark Twain, who was rather indolent by nature, soon had his fill of it. After his various efforts as a miner failed, he tried a job at a quartz mill and found the work too exhausting. He says that he told his boss he would need a raise to stay:

"He said he was paying me ten dollars a week, and thought it a good round sum. How much did I want?

"I said about four hundred thousand dollars a month, and board, was about all I could reasonably ask, considering the hard times.

"I was ordered off the premises!"

It was a fact that, under their lighthearted approach to life, most miners were very lonely men. There was something almost pathetic in their loneliness, and Mark Twain knew firsthand what it was like. One day, a huge miner, fresh from the ore fields, bearded, and still wearing his guns, saw a pretty little girl walking down a street in San Francisco with her nurse. The big man stopped and said gently:

"Well, if it ain't a child!"

And then he snatched a little leather sack out of his pocket and said to the servant:

"There's a hundred and fifty dollars in dust, there, and I'll give it to you to let me kiss the child!"

The humorist, who was a gay bachelor in those days, doesn't tell whether the miner's request was granted, but he makes this wry comment:

"But see how things change. Sitting at that dinner table, listening to that anecdote, if I had offered double the money for the privilege of kissing the same child, I would have been refused. Seventeen added years have far more than doubled the price."

There weren't many women in the West in those days, and sometimes the miners got awfully hungry just to see one. Once, in California a crowd of them gathered around an emigrant wagon just because there was a calico dress hanging out of it. The owner's husband was naturally upset when a gang of rough miners demanded to see his wife.

" 'Fetch her out!'

"He said: 'It is my wife, gentlemen — she is sick — we have been robbed of money, provisions, everything, by the Indians — we want to rest.'

" 'Fetch her out! We've got to see her!'

" 'But, gentlemen, the poor thing, she -'

" 'FETCH HER OUT!'

"He 'fetched her out,' and they swung their hats and sent up three rousing cheers and a tiger; and they crowded around and gazed at her, and touched her dress and listened to her voice with the look of men who listened to a memory rather than a present reality — and then they collected twenty-five hundred dollars in gold and gave it to the man, and swung their hats again and gave three more cheers, and went home satisfied."

There was a lot of fun in frontier people, and Mark Twain was in his element, playing hoaxes on unsuspecting friends, and even on the public at large. Probably the most outrageous of these was the story of the Petrified Man, which the humorist invented strictly as a joke but was picked up by newspapers all over the world as a great marvel. The tale concerned the discovery of the body of a man purportedly dead for over three hundred years but perfectly preserved above ground in a deserted spot where "there was not a living creature within fifty miles except a few starving Indians, some crippled grasshoppers, and four or five buzzards out of meat and too feeble to get away." The writer embellished the story shamelessly with exquisite details, including a description of the mummy as seated and thumbing his nose. Mark Twain was horrified at first by its wide acceptance, but the magnificent success of his hoax delighted him to the end of his long life.

In San Francisco, Mark Twain found different kinds of excitement, some of it not so welcome. On October 8, 1865, the city experienced one of its periodic earthquakes, and the writer compiled this almanac for the benefit of jittery local residents. It could have been written in Los Angeles in 1971 but actually appeared in a San Francisco publication more than a century before:

"At the instance of several friends who feel a boding anxiety to know beforehand what sort of phenomena we may expect the elements to exhibit during the next month or two, and who have lost all confidence in the various patent medicine almanacs, because of the unaccountable reticence of those works concerning the extraordinary event of the 8th inst., I have compiled the following almanac expressly for this latitude:

"Oct. 17. — Weather hazy; atmosphere murky and dense. An expression of profound melancholy will be observable upon most countenances.

"Oct. 18. — Slight earthquake. Countenances grow more melancholy.

"Oct. 19. — Look out for rain. It would be absurd to look in for it. The general depression of spirits increased.

"Oct. 20. — More weather.

"Oct. 21. — Same.

"Oct. 22. — Light winds, perhaps. If they blow, it will be from the 'east'ard, or the nor'ard, or the west'ard, or the suth'ard,' or from some general direction approximating more or less to these points of the compass or otherwise. Winds are uncertain — more especially when they blow from whence they cometh and whither they listeth. N.B. — Such is the nature of winds.

"Oct. 23. — Mild, balmy earthquakes.

"Oct. 24. — Shaky.

"Oct. 25. — Occasional shakes, followed by light showers of bricks

(continued on page 52)

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REAL WEST MOVIE HALL OF FAME

JOHNNY MACK BROWN

By Mario A. DeMarco

Johnny Mack Brown's greatness doesn't go back to the days of film-making as one of the great stars of the past. It goes beyond that, to the gridiron of the late 20's, for Johnny was an All-American halfback with the great Alabama teams of that era. His feats on the field are still talked about today.

Like other great athletes of the Golden Age of Sports — Babe Ruth, Jack Dempsey, Bill Tilden, Red Grange and other superstars who were coaxed into making films for their names only — Johnny, with his good looks, athletic body and easy-to-get-along-with personality, made movie-making his living, and a good living it was. For Johnny acted opposite some of the most beautiful women in Hollywood and also was under contract to some of the biggest studios there.

I was very fortunate to meet Johnny in Hollywood a few years ago. He was much heavier, with gray hair, but that soft-spoken, Southern drawl was still there. We talked about the days when he was a star, and I asked what was his greatest western epic. Without hesitation, he mentioned *Billy the Kid*, done for MGM back in 1930. He spends most of his time relaxing and occasionally goes hunting and fishing with his friend, Charles Starrett. It was really a memorable moment for me, one that I will never forget.

Johnny came from one of the oldest families in Alabama. He was born on September 1, 1904 in Dothan, Alabama, son of Mr & Mrs. J. H. Brown. In 1924 he entered the University of Alabama and emerged as one of their greatest football stars of all time. During his time on the football field he achieved many grid records, but his greatest thrill came during the classic Rose Bowl game of 1927. With only seconds remaining in the game and his team trailing, Johnny intercepted a pass and scored the winning touchdown for a 20-19 score. He made All-American and was later elected to Football's Hall of Fame.

After graduating from Alabama, he signed on as a football coach but was talked into going to Hollywood by an actor friend. This he did and took a screen test at MGM, landing a contract. His first role as an actor was in *The Bugle Call*, which proved him worthy of better parts.

His biggest break came in 1930, when he was picked by MGM for the lead in *Billy the Kid*. It launched him as a western star. Directed by King Vidor and coached by the great western silent star, William S. Hart, Johnny went on to portray the killer as he should have been in his heyday. The picture turned out to be a box-office hit and Brown was on his way. He played more leads in a dozen or so non-westerns.

In 1931 he was teamed up with Leo Carillo in *Lasco of Rio Grande*. He worked for such major studios as Fox, Paramount and Warners. In 1933 he made his first serial, which contained 12 action-filled chapters for Mascot Pictures, entitled *Fighting with Kit Carson*. In 1935 A. W. Haeckle, who was head of Supreme Pictures, signed him for a series of fast-action westerns. These classics were also released through Republic Pictures.

It was Universal Studios who signed him up and turned him into a great western star. They cast him in four great chapter plays — *The Rustlers of Red Dog*, *Wild West Days*, *Flaming Frontiers*, and *The Oregon Trail* — directed by such veteran action greats as Ford Beebe, Ray Taylor, Lew Collins and J. H. Lewis. They contained plenty of good riding, action stunts galore, and thrills that kept the fans coming back week after week to the theater.

Besides the serials, he made a number of westerns, teamed up with his sidekick, Fuzzy Knight, and he later co-starred with Bob Baker, who, at that time, was brought in to compete with the "singing cowboys" of that time.

In 1940 he was listed as one of the top-ten western money-making stars, a position which he held for over 10 years.

After leaving Universal, he did some pictures for Republic Studios and then moved on to Monogram. Teamed up with one-time silent star and top character actor, Raymond Hatton, he made over 40 pictures. These were well accepted by his fans. Max Terhune took over Hatton's role when he left John. At this time, in the 50's, the "B" Western was on the decline, and Johnny, who was getting along in age, hung up his guns in 1952. He did occasionally play character parts and even played host in one of Hollywood's nite spots.

He lived on the outskirts of Hollywood with his wife, enjoying his retirement and occasionally watching TV and one of his old movies — until Thursday, November 14, 1974 when Johnny Mack Brown, western hero, passed away, victim of a kidney ailment. He was one of the greats of his time, both as a football star and a western movie star. ●RW

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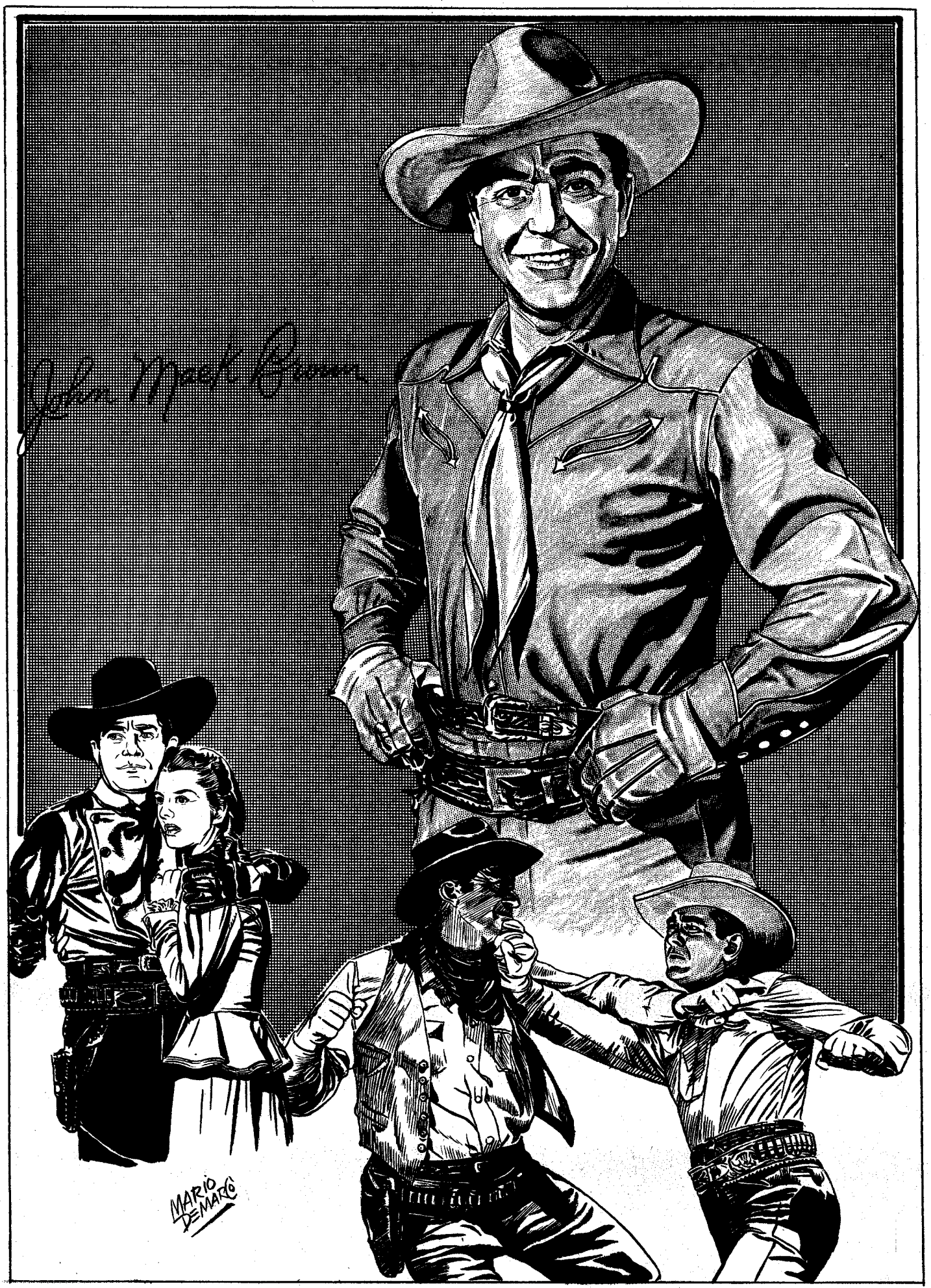

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HESQUIAT TRAGEDY

by T.W. Paterson

In the village of Hesquiat located on Vancouver Island on the shore of Barclay Sound, Father Augustus Brabant devoted his life to bringing faith to the Hesquiat Indians. Then, the dreaded disease, small pox, struck the village. Those who were infected died — and terror seized the rest!

Shocking tragedy on the west coast!
A devoted Catholic priest shot and mortally wounded while engaged in performing his holy office!
A first-class medalist the assassin ...!

These were the headlines which stunned Victorians on the morning of Nov. 6, 1875. From far up the rugged and isolated coast of Vancouver Island, from the Indian village of Hesquiat, word had come that Father Augustus Joseph Brabant had been fatally wounded by one of his converts.

Ironically, the first man in the British Columbia capital to receive word of the tragedy was Brabant's superior, Archbishop Charles J. Seghers, who himself would be assassinated by a companion in Alaska, several years later.

On November 5, several Hesquiat braves had paddled their dugout into the Inner Harbor in order to rush several urgent dispatches to the bishop. Smeared with blood, the letters, written by the gravely injured Brabant with his left hand, were almost illegible. Dated four days earlier, the first missive read: "My Lord. — Sad news, I am shot in the right hand and in the back. Please send a priest at once. I may get well if a doctor comes at once to extract the shot. (Signed) A. BRABANT."

Below, Brabant had added: "My Lord. — Matlahow (sic) the chief of the Hesquiots (sic) has shot me a double shot."

On the reverse side he painfully scrawled, his blood and ink mingling in grisly pattern: "The chief has run away," and, again: "My Lord. — I am dying, I am shot in the right hand and back by Matlahow the Hesquiot chief. I have given no reason, Adieu! Pray for me. A. BRABANT.

"My Lord, — Inflammation is setting in my right hand. The Indians are very kind. The whole tribe is crying, day and night. At least three are taking care of me. Do not blame them. Praise for their kindness, and may another priest be soon here to take my place is the wish of your lordship's dying servant. A. BRABANT."

As so much time had elapsed before Archbishop Seghers received word of Brabant's precarious condition, it was speculated that the priest had likely died in the meantime.

Upon being questioned, the Indian messengers replied that they could "not disclose any motive which could account for such a deed and particularly by one who has on a former occasion been rewarded for his kindness to the whites, this same Matlahow having been presented with a silver medal by the Canadian government for his humane conduct to the shipwrecked crew of the bark *Edwin,* wrecked a year ago near Barclay Sound."

However, if the messengers could not understand Matlahaw's treachery, they did provide enough information to enable the authorities to piece together an outline of the events leading up to the tragedy. Apparently members of a neighboring clan of Hesquiats had recently visited Victoria, only to contract smallpox. Panic-stricken, they had paddled homeward in hopes that a woman "belonging to the Hasquiats (sic) who had some renown on that coast as a doctress" could help them. The villagers, understandably, had greeted them with alarm and hostility, driving the ailing callers away from their campsite.

But one, a woman driven by desperation, had somehow managed to get into the camp despite the Hesquiats' every precaution — and the damage was done. Within days the scourge had broken out among Brabant's parishioners. Among the immediate victims, according to the messengers, had been Chief Matlahaw's wife, sister and two children.

To Father Brabant and two Indian volunteers had fallen the unpleasant task of burial, the priest personally dragging the canoe used as a temporary coffin to the cemetery. Then he had returned to Matlahaw's lodge to face a more pressing problem: that of the chieftain's avowed determination to wreak vengeance upon the tribe which had infected his family.

But no sooner had Brabant entered his lodge "to expostulate," than he "was shot with a double gun, one barrel being loaded with ball which took effect in the back, and a charge of shot from the other (striking) him in the right hand."

With this conjectured scenario of the tragedy at Hesquiat, authorities made ready to rush to the injured priest's aid (assuming that he were still alive), but owing to heavy weather, neither the government steamer *Sir James Douglas* nor the powerful steam tug *Isabel* could depart immediately for Barkley Sound, the gunboat HMS *Rocket* being pronounced as unfit to go to sea.

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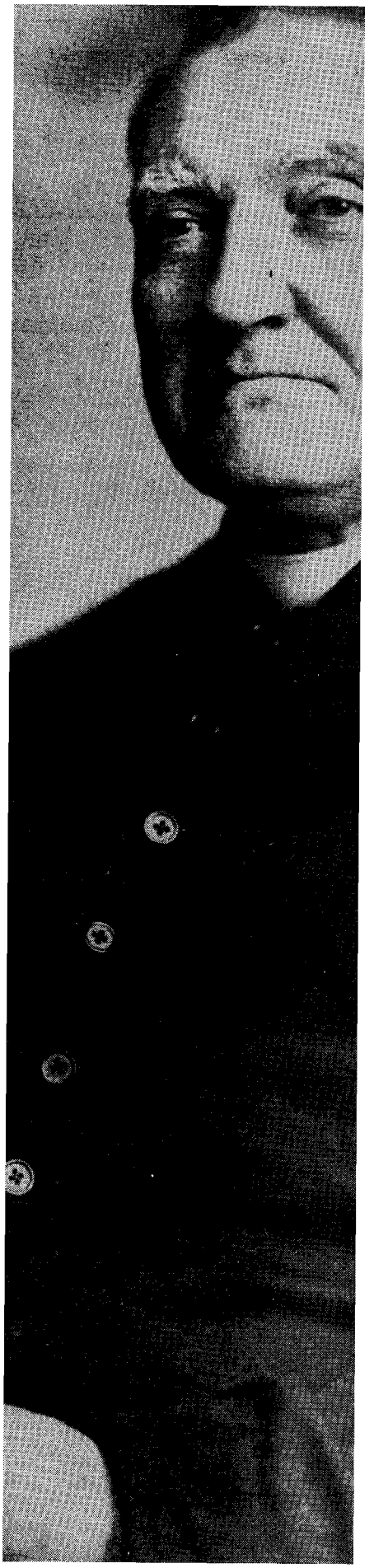

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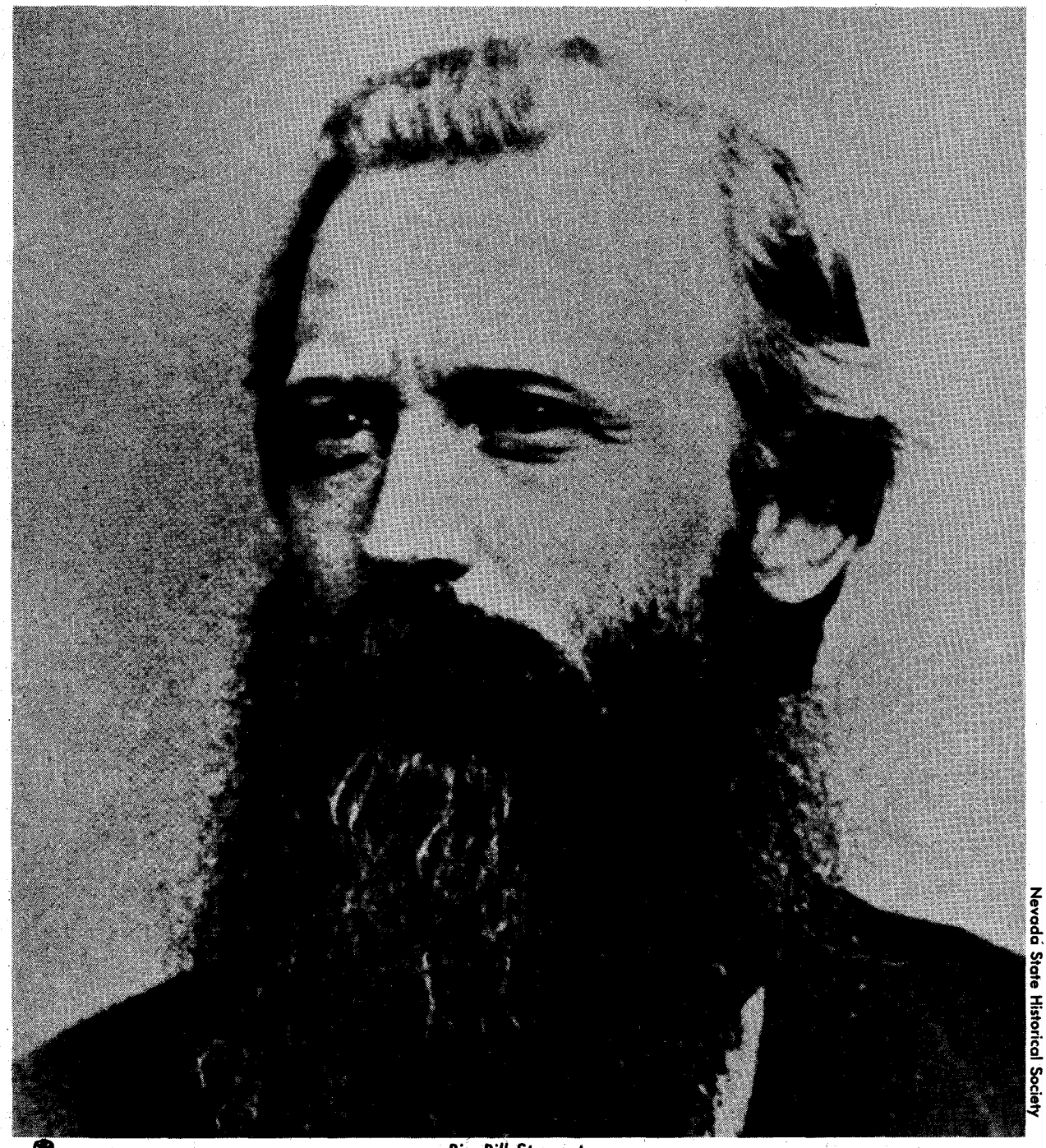
BIG BILL STEWART -

The fascinating account of how a Yale drop-out arrived in California with $5, a raging fever, and little hope for life. How he became wealthy, acquired his law degree, and was elected to the U.S. Senate is an incredible story told here.



Nevada State Historical Society

Big Bill Stewart

In the 19th century even the most illiterate seemed to know about ancient mythology. For them it was natural to regard U.S. Senator William Morris Stewart of Nevada as the embodiment, if not the reincarnation, of one of the mythological gods or heroes.

Some compared him with Jupiter, single-handedly creating the State of Nevada out of nothingness. Others compared him to the Colossus of Rhodes, the ancient bronze statue that stood across the harbor of Rhodes as

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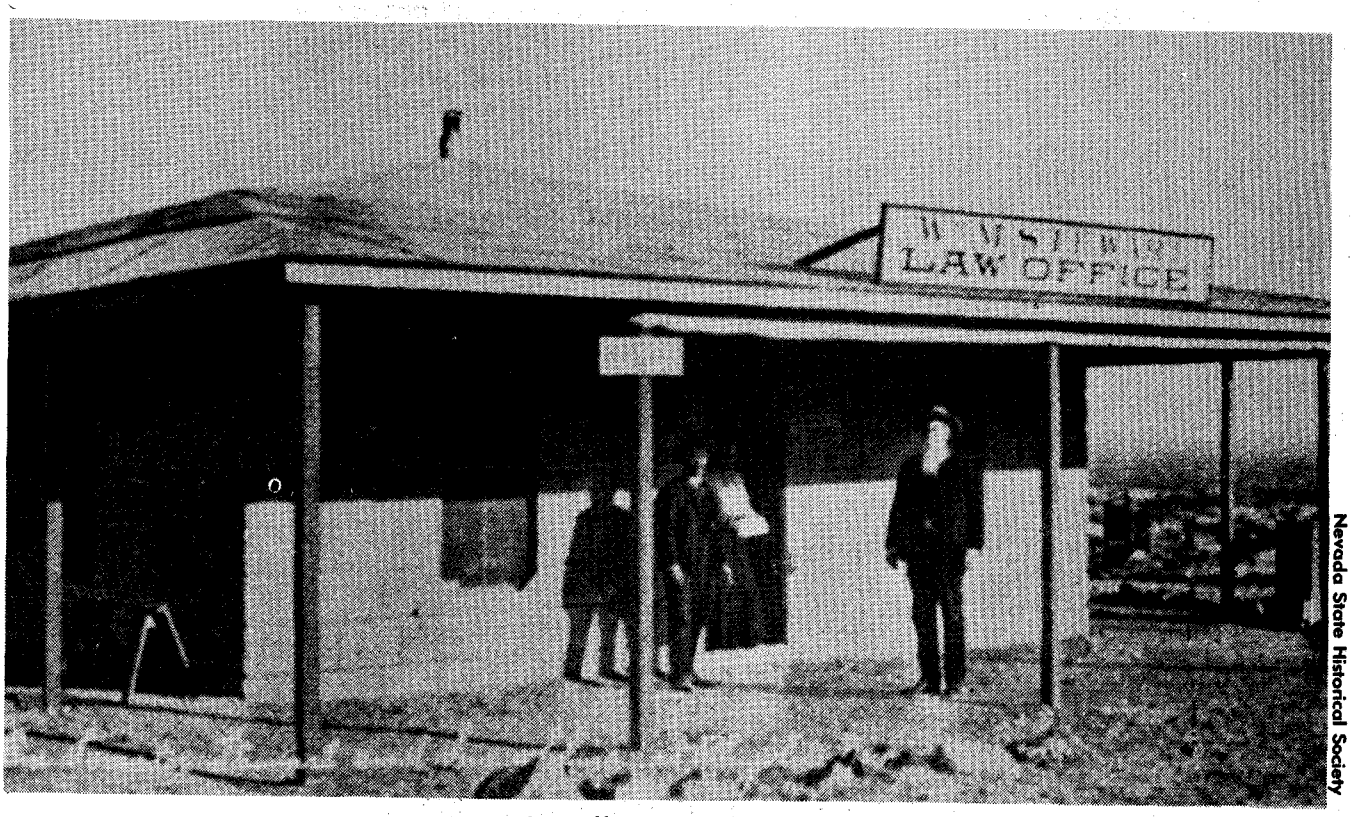
The Six-Gun Senator

By William Wingfield



Nevada State Historical Society

Law office of Bill Stewart.

Stewart bestrode California and Nevada. Usually it was added that he had as much brass as the ancient statue.

Since one of his greatest accomplishments was the creation of U.S. mining law, he was also compared to Moses as the lawgiver.

Indeed, Bill Stewart did look like a classical god. He was a six-foot-two, 210-pound giant with reddish-blonde hair and a long, flowing beard. Some said he moved like a cathedral.

Stewart's accomplishments in their time certainly must have seemed godlike. His influence extended far beyond the Old West. Along with creating both the State of Nevada and American mining law, he was also the author of the 15th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution.

He was a friend of Presidents, including Abraham Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt; a companion to the meteoric Lola Montez; a "drinking buddy" of General Grant; and had Mark Twain as his secretary.

He and Grant knew each other when Stewart was a young California lawyer and Grant a mere lieutenant stationed in San Francisco. The two used to hop from bar to bar until Big Bill finally drank Lieutenant Grant under the table.

Later, when Grant was President, Stewart took Mark Twain to the White House to meet the great general. This introduction led to Mark Twain's publishing of Grant's autobiography, which rescued the tragic hero from shame and bankruptcy after his unhappy term as President.

Stewart and Mark Twain first became friends when Mark was a cub reporter in Virginia City, Nevada. The two greatly enjoyed matching wits and swapping jests.

On the night of April 14, 1865, Stewart took a former law partner to the White House to meet President Lincoln. The President sent down a message: "I am engaged to go to the theatre with Mrs. Lincoln. It is the kind of engagement I never break. Come with your friend tomorrow at ten and I shall be glad to see you." It was the last written message Lincoln ever sent anyone.

During that fatal night, Stewart and Senator Foot of Vermont and Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase were summoned to a Washington hotel to conduct the swearing-in of Andrew Johnson as the new President of the United States.

This friendship and admiration for Lincoln, along with his firm support for the Union during the Civil War, culminated in Stewart's finest contribution to America — the 15th Amendment: "The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude."

Stewart's other major contribution, the creation of U.S. mining law, stemmed from his long, colorful and extremely prosperous career in California and Nevada as a lawyer for miners.

Critics still say that the mining laws developed and codified by Sen. Stewart generally are laws favoring whomever retained Stewart as his attorney. Frequently it was George Hearst, the future U.S. Senator from California and father of publisher William Randolph Hearst. Of course, when Stewart first started law practice, there was virtually no mining law. Laws were developed by precedents set in lawsuit after lawsuit, generally conducted under the auspices of William M. Stewart.

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Unlike New York or Boston where lawyers were sedate and respectable men, lawyers in the Old West were compelled to be as skilled with fists and guns as in legal knowledge.

Big Bill was not only up to that sort of challenge, he relished it. More than once, he cowed the biggest bullies and most dangerous killers.

Among those who met their match in Big Bill was one Sam Brown, a vicious, sadistic, filthy subhuman who killed for the pure joy of killing.

The first night Sam was in Virginia City, he determined to win the reputation of being the town's leading murderer. Walking into a bar, Sam goaded a somewhat tipsy patron into an argument. Then Sam whipped out a Bowie knife and cut the man to pieces. Then Sam lay down beside the bloody body and went to sleep. Everyone was afraid of Sam — everyone except Big Bill Stewart.

While Stewart was taking part in an arbitration hearing for possible settlement of mining claims, Sam blustered into the hearing room. Big Bill immediately had two derringers trained on him. Sam insisted that he wanted to give testimony at the hearing because he had an investment in the claims. Big Bill had him sworn in as a witness, keeping him covered with the derringers all the time.

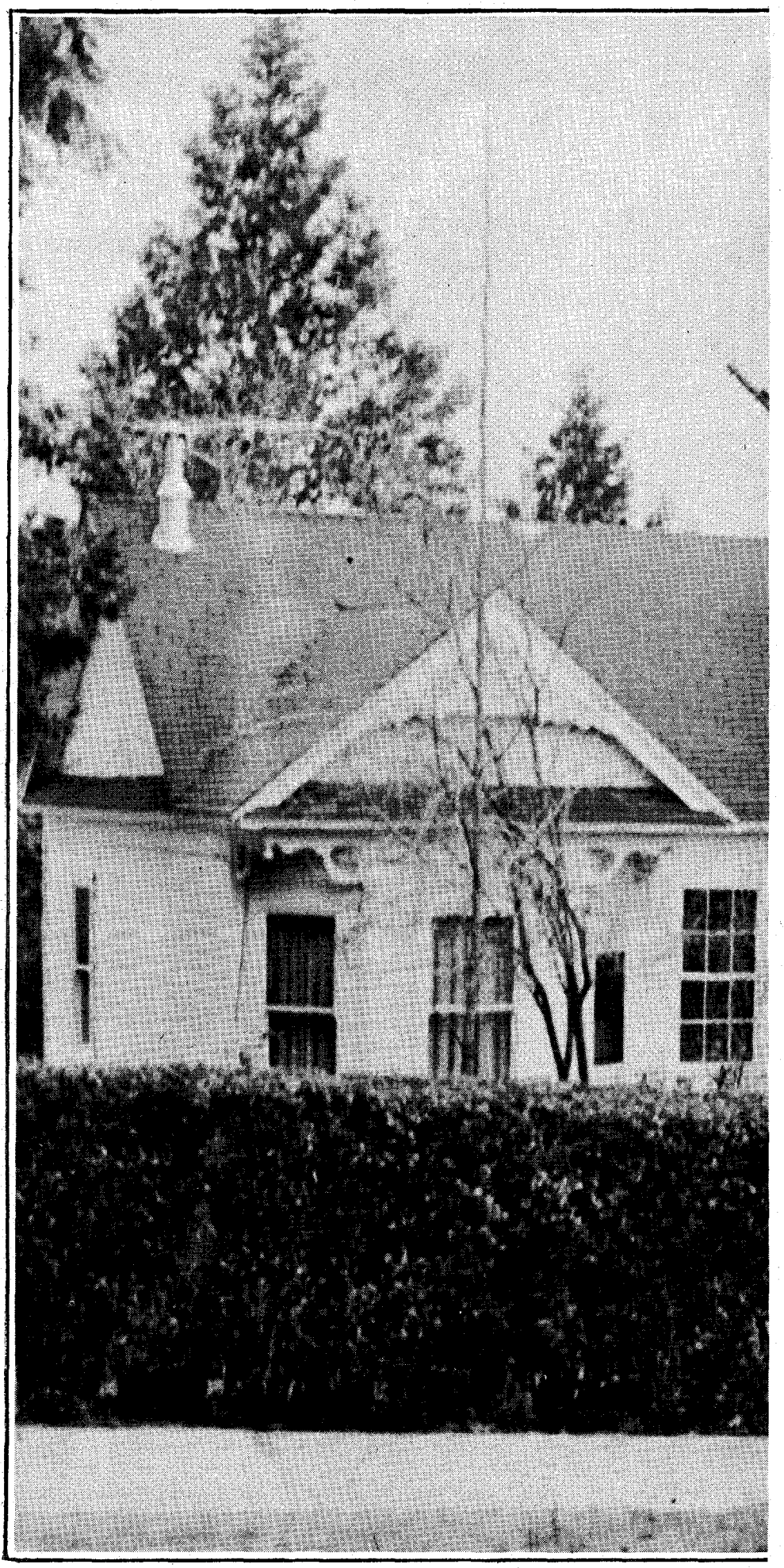
When the hearing adjourned, Sam challenged Stewart to a drinking contest in the adjoining bar. Still keeping Sam covered with the derringers, Stewart matched him drink for drink. Though burning with rage, Sam allowed as how Big Bill was the sort of guy he liked.

Sam Brown didn't seem to learn much from this experience. It had to be repeated again. One of Sam's gang was arrested for murder. Bill Stewart was the prosecuting attorney when the man was brought to trial in Genoa, Nevada. Big Bill was even promising to have Sam's friend hung. Things like that didn't happen to Sam's friends. Dirty, brutal Sam boasted that he would force the court to turn his friend loose and like it.

Into the courtroom swaggered Sam Brown. Spectators and jurors jumped out the windows in terror. Not Big Bill Stewart. Instantly, Big Bill whipped two Navy pistols from under his coat. He ordered Sam to throw up his hands.

Then Stewart looked Sam square in the eye and ordered him to take the witness stand.

"Now, Mr. Brown," Big Bill spoke coldly, staring him down and keeping the pistols pointed in Sam's face,



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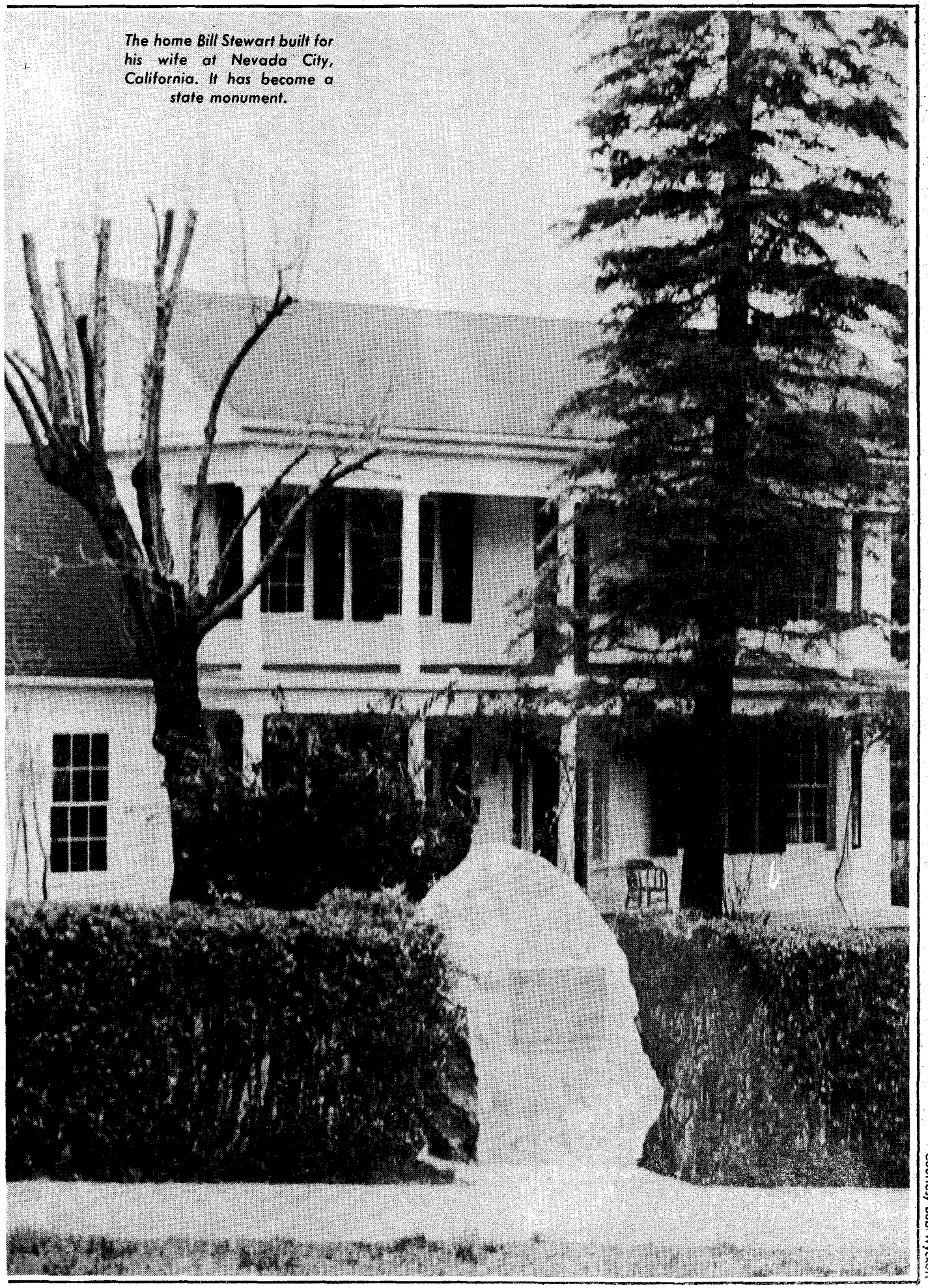

The home Bill Stewart built for his wife at Nevada City, California. It has become a state monument.

Courtesy Bob Wyckoff

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"you've bragged that you would come down here and swear the defendant free. I'm here to tell you that if you attempt any of your gunplay or give false testimony, I'll blow your brains out."

Under withering cross-examination while he stared into the pistols, Sam, cowered and cringed and virtually convicted the man he had come to save.

One of the cases where Stewart represented George Hearst was considered to have been conducted quietly because the only violence that occurred was when the parties were either entering or leaving the courtroom.

The very first case Stewart ever tried called for him to show his skill with fists. The defense attorney tried to discredit Stewart by making fun of his inexperience as a lawyer. The defense attorney played his hand too well.

Stewart was uncertain about some points of law. He tried unsuccessfully to get the trial recessed so he could look them up. Then the defense attorney called Stewart a "liar." Stewart hauled off and hit him right between the eyes. Court was immediately adjourned.

While spending the night in jail for contempt of court, Stewart boned up on the disputed legal points. By morning he could speak as an authority. When court resumed, he handily won the case.

Few men have ever been able to face down lynch mobs. Yet Stewart did it several times.

When a mob in Nevada City, California, was hanging a young man for stealing, Stewart pulled out his two Navy pistols. He demanded that the victim be given a fair trial in accordance with true American principles. He, himself, acted as defense attorney and proved that the man who accused the victim really was the one who committed the crime.

In 1864 shortly before he was elected to the U. S. Senate, Big Bill faced down striking miners who wanted to lynch him. The mines in Virginia City were hit by a depression. Mine owners felt they were forced to cut wages. The miners sent up howls of protest. Bill Stewart became their target because he was the mine owners' lawyer as well as the political boss of Virginia City. They believed he had been the one who told the mine owners to cut wages. Soon some 2,000 strikers were marching through Virginia City with a rope to hang Bill Stewart.

When Big Bill saw them coming, instead of running as most men would have done, he strode right into the middle of the street and met them head-on. Bill ordered them to stop and be silent — and they did. Soon Big Bill was shouting orders to the very men who had come to lynch him. They marched away, cheering that Big Bill was their hero.

Big Bill was a sophomore pre-law student at Yale when he heard the siren call of California's Gold Rush. Though an honor student, he was as restless as any of the mythological heroes. Yale could wait. Law could wait. If he hit it rich in California, there would be all the time in the world to return to Yale and become a lawyer.

His brilliant career almost ended in California before it ever got started. While crossing Panama, he was infected with a tropical disease. By the time his boat landed in San Francisco, he was burning with a raging fever. Yet with his typical determination, he pushed on for the Mother Lode country.

His traveling companions finally gave up on him. They thought he was so near death that he was just in their way. They dumped him out of a wagon at a spring just outside of Nevada City.

Bitterly, to his last days, did Stewart remember passers-by looking at him beside the spring and snorting, "Not dead yet."

Yet he hung on by sheer will power. Big Bill was always known for his will power. After 10 days of lying by the spring, he was able to crawl into town and buy some milk. By the time he recovered from the fever, he had only $5 left.

Yet by the end of the year, he was rich. First he hit an immense find at Coyote Diggings on the Middle Fork of the American River. Then in the fall he discovered Bureka Diggings, one of the richest and longest of all mines.

And Big Bill had too much energy to just sit back and live off his good luck. His fellow miners needed water, so Big Bill set up a water company.

The way miners and prospectors flooded into the Mother Lode area could easily have led to chaos. In 1852 there were an estimated 10,000 miners in Nevada County, California. It was urgent that rules governing claims be drawn up.

Naturally, as a man of proven business ability as well as one of the leading mine owners, Big Bill was chosen as chairman of Nevada County's meeting to draw up the rules.

Though it seems elementary now, there was much confusion at the time as to how much of the mine the person who owned the mouth of the mine actually possessed. Did the person owning property above the mine shaft have a right to the mine as well? The rule developed by Stewart was that the one who owned the mine had all the mineral rights and was entitled to all "dips, spurs, angles and variations." This rule was going to prove a bonanza to Big Bill Stewart in the Comstock Bonanza. It became the basis of his law practice.

Big Bill was still restless and looked for a new field in addition to mining and business. He soon decided to return to his ambition at Yale of being a lawyer.

It took Bill just three months of study to receive his license to practice law. He became district attorney of Nevada County the same day he received his license. After two years as district attorney, he became attorney general of the State of California.

One of his first acts as attorney general was to make Sacramento the capital of California. California had eight capitals in three years, so Stewart obtained a court order requiring elective officers to permanently maintain their office in the same city. Later, he was similarly responsible for making Carson City the permanent capital of Nevada.

In the course of law practice, he also acquired a bride. As a giant among men, physically strong, physically attractive, intellectually powerful, exuding self-confidence, Big Bill could certainly have had his pick of women, including Lola Montez. Yet he picked just one and was devoted to her for the rest of her life.

Law practice was so booming that Stewart formed partnerships all over the state. One of his partnerships was in San Francisco with Henry Stuart Foote, a courtly Virginian who once served as U. S. Senator from Mississippi and even defeated none other than Jefferson Davis for Governor of Mississippi. Foote had a beautiful and charming Southern Belle named Annie Elizabeth for a daughter.

To this day, the home Bill Stewart built for his bride remains a showplace of Nevada City. It has now been made an historical monument. This was but one of many mansions that Big Bill built for his beloved Annie Elizabeth. A palace in Virginia City became the one that the others who made giant fortunes in the Comstock Bonanza sought to imitate.

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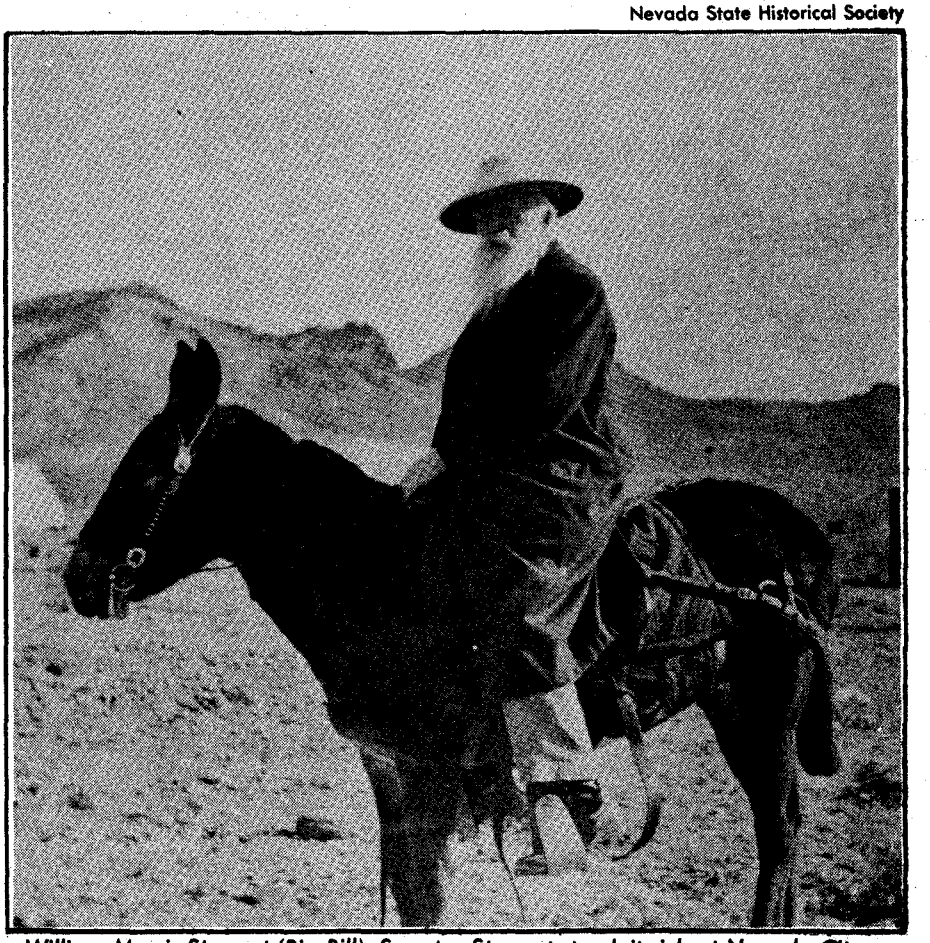
Nevada State Historical Society



William Morris Stewart (Big Bill). Senator Stewart struck it rich at Nevada City and Virginia City with a big stake in the Comstock Lode. As late as 1907 he struck it rich at Rhyolite, Nevada.

Greatest of all was "Stewart's Castle" on Du Pont Circle in Washington, D. C. The castle was four stories high, with a tower. It is estimated that Sen. and Mrs. Stewart could entertain over 200 people at one time in the Castle.

Mrs. Stewart returned Big Bill's love. She remained always a devoted companion. Her tragic death devastated Big Bill.

Her death even set a precedent for what has now become a macabre way of life in modern California. She was killed in the very first fatal automobile accident in the city of Oakland.

As Stewart continued to prosper in law, mining and business, George Hearst eked out a living in dire poverty. Hearst failed as a miner, failed as a storekeeper, failed at just about everything. A creditor even tried to repossess Hearst's pants.

At last Hearst figured he had enough of Nevada City. He set off across the Sierras for Nevada, where he had heard that the gold was a bit more promising. His gold mine turned out to be an incredibly wealthy silver mine. It triggered the rush to Virginia City.

Where there were mines and mining claims, there were sure to be lawsuits. Bill Stewart packed his bags and went over the Sierras, too.

It was not long before he was deluged with clients, including George Hearst.

Hearst's and Stewart's adversary was David Terry. Terry was the archetypical, colorful, courtly, flamboyant Southerner gone West. Popularly known as "The Dueling Judge," he had resigned as Chief Justice of the California Supreme Court to fight and kill California's U.S. Senator David Broderick in a duel. Rumor was that he was under orders to seize the Comstock mines and turn them over to the Confederacy. Jefferson Davis was reputed to have secretly commissioned Terry to be the governor of Nevada.

There seemed reason to believe these rumors after Terry and his friends took up a claim next to Hearst's Ophir Mine and proceeded to build forts manned by Southern sympathizers to defend it. Hearst brought suit to evict him.

Trial opened in Genoa on Sept. 3, 1860, before Federal Judge John Cradlebaugh. Typical of the primitive conditions of pioneer justice, the only adequate courtroom was in a loft over a livery stable.

Stewart contended that all of the Comstock was one single lode; therefore, in accord with the rules he had developed in California, it all belonged to the Hearst interests. Terry naturally claimed his was a separate lode.

To obtain evidence, Stewart hired geologists to take ore samples from the walls between the two mines. Assays proved conclusively that the walls between the mines were filled with silver ore. It was all one lode.

It would seem that Terry had lost, but nonetheless the trial ended in a hung jury. Litigation dragged on. Terry remained in possession of his forts.

Terry was aided by the chronic double-dealing back in Washington, D.C. In January, 1861, outgoing President James Buchanan, desiring to reward a crony, attempted to remove Judge Cradlebaugh. To succeed Cradlebaugh, the President named his friend, H.P. Flenniken.

Judge Cradlebaugh absolutely refused to give up the bench. He said that the President had no right to remove him. He said he would continue to serve until Lincoln was inaugurated.

Confusion reigned. Who was the correct judge? Terry recognized Flenniken because Flenniken seemed sympathetic to the South. Stewart stood by Cradlebaugh. So did the Utah Supreme Court when Cradlebaugh brought action. (Nevada was then still part of Utah.)

Judge Flenniken agreed at first to abide by the Utah decision. Stewart then handed the U.S. Marshal an order from Cradlebaugh at last evicting Terry from his forts and claims.

After he had a chance to sleep on it, however, Flenniken had second thoughts. He decided that the court in Salt Lake City really had no authority to rule on the matter.

When Stewart heard that Flenniken had gone back on his word, Stewart stormed out of his home to find the judge. Flenniken greeted Stewart blandly on the street. Stewart grabbed him and yanked him off his feet. Grasping the judge by the collar, Big Bill marched him into the telegraph office and ordered him to send telegrams to the President and other interested parties, announcing that he had resigned. Stewart ordered the telegraph operator to stay away from the key so that the resignation couldn't be retracted. In an hour a message arrived that Terry's forts had surrendered.

Terry was in San Francisco when Stewart forced the judge to resign.

(continued on page 62)

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One of the star attractions of the famous Miller Brothers 101 Ranch Rodeo was Bill Pickett, a black bulldogger whose specialty was bringing down a maverick steer with his teeth. Other performers in the show were Will Rogers and Tom Mix, a famous cowboy star of the '20s.

From author's collection

Bill Pickett on his horse, Spradley. He bulldogged steers with his teeth!

BLACK TRAIL BLAZERS

"I need work. I'll do anything," pleaded Bill Pickett. "I'm all caught up with help," said Zack Miller, boss of the 101 Ranch. "What's your specialty?"

"Bulldogger," replied Pickett, his eyes lighting up.

Zack looked him over carefully, sizing up the tall, sinewy-muscled black man, keenly scrutinizing his wide, calloused hands.

Nearby, some of Miller's hired hands were lazily eyeing cattle munching on grass. Suddenly a steer bolted out of the pack, frightened by the swish of a cowhands whip.

"I'll get him." Pickett reached out for Miller's horse, "let me ride him!"

"But I have no rope," cried Miller.

"Don't need one," shouted Bill.

He was on the horse and after the steer faster than a coyote chasing a jackrabbit. Upon reaching the steer, Bill leaped about six feet out of the saddle to latch onto the tow horns, twisting them until the steer's nose came upward. Then he did a remarkable thing! Grabbing the steer's upper lip with his strong, white teeth, he threw both hands outward to show he wasn't holding on, then fell to one side of the steer, dragging it along until it came crashing down beside him.

An amazed cowhand then roped and brought the steer back to the herd.

"How'd you ever learn to do that?" an incredulous Miller blurted out, as Pickett returned with his horse.

"It's a little something I picked up along the way," said Bill, smiling.

"You're hired," said Miller, "and you're damn well gonna be my main attraction."

For Zack Miller and his brothers were putting together a rodeo show from the men in his outfit. The 101 Ranch was on the Strip in Oklahoma and at the turn of the century was one of the biggest outfits in the west. It

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covered more than 100,000 acres and employed 200 men.

One of the hired help was Tom Mix, said to be handier with a bottle than a horse. But he looked the part of a cowboy, and with constant practice and a little more patience he soon became an expert rider. A movie scout took notice of him in a rodeo, and in no time at all, he catapulted to stardom, becoming the most celebrated western movie star.

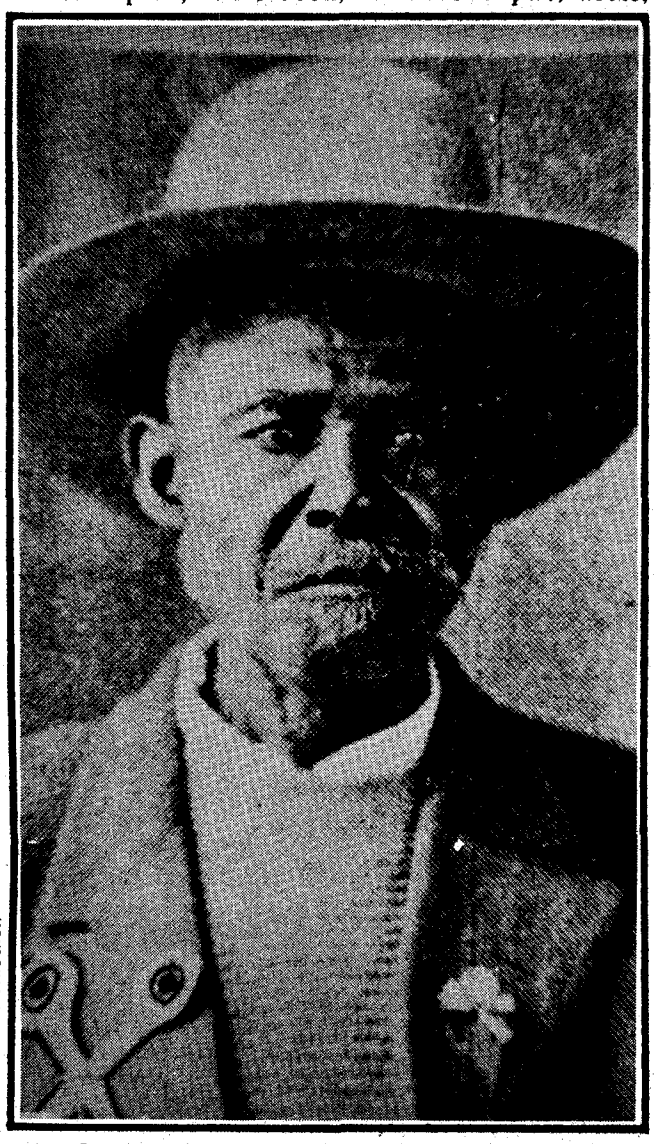
And now and then Will Rogers would stop by, working out with the 101 cowhands. He worked at his rope tricks, attracting an audience who marveled at the intricacies of it. He was also destined to fame and fortune on Broadway in New York and in the cinemas in Hollywood.

When Bill Pickett joined the 101 Ranch in 1900, he was already about forty years old. Known as a "wild-riding Texas brush-popper," he soon received national acclaim as one of the greatest bulldoggers that could lay out a steer with his teeth. Indeed, even today, his name might be listed on any small-town program as having invented bulldogging.

Fred Gipson, in his book, *Fabulous Empire,* wrote, "Bill Pickett was a most remarkable bulldogger. He would jump onto the head of a running steer, grabbing the horns with a pair of big, powerful hands. Then he would twist it until the nose was sucking air right side up. He next did a thing so startling, that spectators were struck dumb in disbelief! Reaching inside to the steer's upper lip, he would clamp down on it hard with his strong teeth, fling his arms out, and bring the animal down."

In 1904 Cheyenne, Wyoming held its famous 'Frontier Day' celebration. People came from all over the country to watch it. Even Shoshone Indians rode off the reservation to witness the event. As many as 20,000 came to the arena to view the show.

Covering the event, the New York magazine, *Harper's Weekly,* reported, "The rodeo was billed as spectacular, and it was rightly so. Bill Pickett is a remarkable performer, unequalled in the annals of bulldogging. Unarmed, he attacked a fiery, wild-eyed steer, and threw it down with his teeth. Pickett lived up to all his advance notices, and then some."



From author's collection

George Glenn rode the Chisholm Trail in 1870.

From author's collection

Nat Love claimed title to "Deadwood Dick" or The Black Rider of the Black Hills. Photo was taken in 1907.

AND COWBOYS

By Sam Bloom

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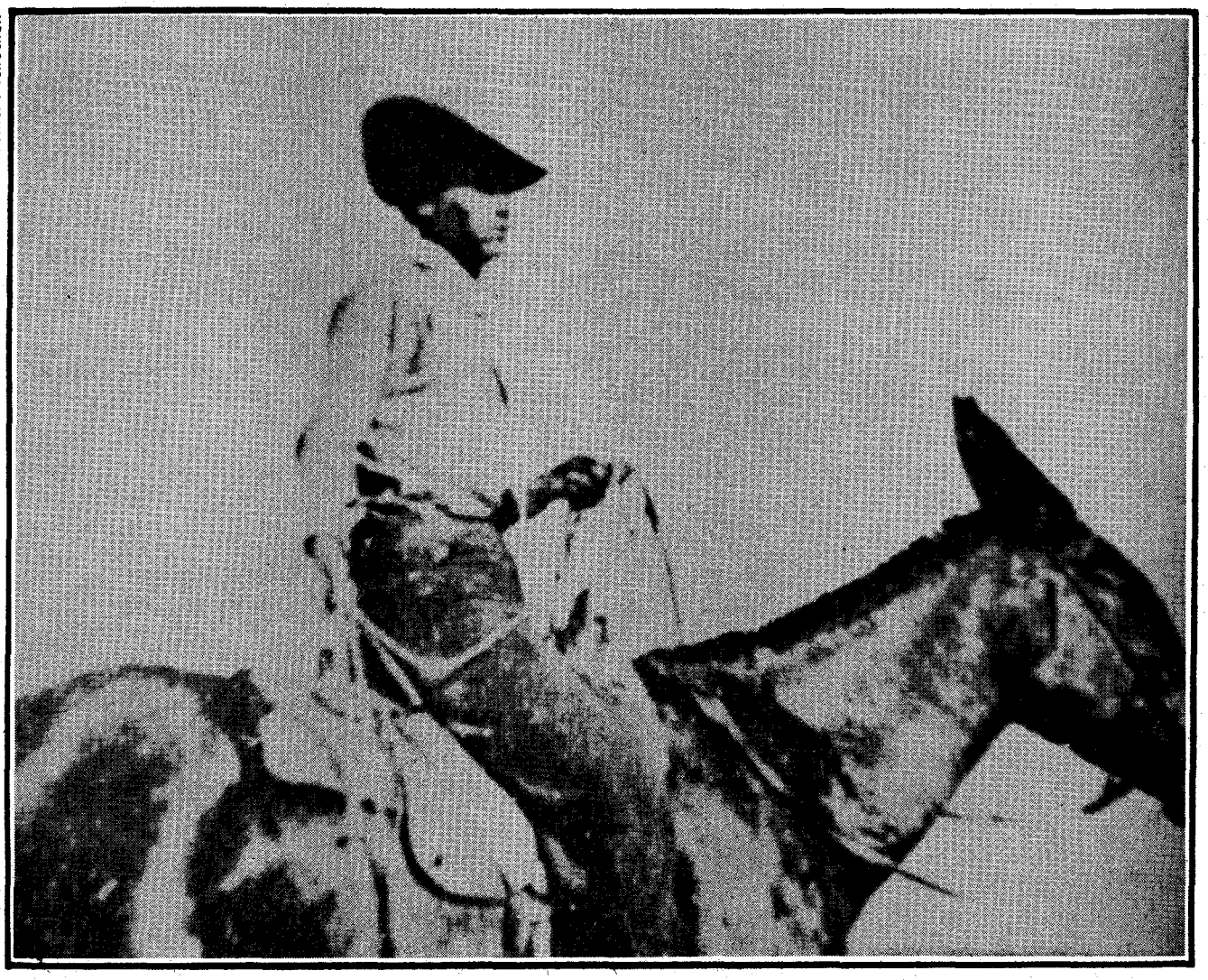

Bronco Sam could ride anything on four legs. He loved a little deviltry.

The Miller Brothers' 101 Ranch rodeo show became famous the world over, playing to large London and Mexico City audiences. And Bill Pickett was mainly the star attraction.

In the first rodeo show ever held in the Madison Square Garden, the turnout was small. But when Pickett and Will Rogers teamed up to pull off an unscheduled feat, they had to put out the SRO sign for the rest of the performances.

A frightened steer, evidently upset by the noise of the crowd, shot out of the chute like a bullet out of a Winchester. Before Bill could catch up to him, the steer had shot across the field and leaped over the gate. Spectators screamed and scattered in all directions as the steer landed in the grandstand. Pickett chased the animal on his fast horse, vaulted the gate, and rode on after him.

Will Rogers rode hard on Bill's heels. When Pickett caught up to the steer, bulldogging it, Rogers was already roping its hind legs with his spinning lariat. With Pickett holding onto the horns, Rogers dragged the beast back into the arena. With the newspapers publicizing this wild event, the Garden had no trouble filling up its seats. Tom Mix also contributed to this successful event with some fancy riding.

But in taking the show to Mexico City, the Miller brothers ran into hostile crowds. The Mexicans loved bullfighting, rodeos being too tame for their blood. When Pickett claimed he could hold onto the bull's horns for five minutes, they scoffed.

At the arena every act was booed. They came to see a black cowboy mauled, nothing else would suffice! The bull charged out of the stall, snorting and rearing up his hind legs, ready to take on all challengers. In reaching the enraged bull, Bill's horse was gored, sending it flying several feet. But Pickett had slid down, gripping the horns with his powerful hands. Then came a challenge between man and beast! The bull used all his cunning, trying to run his sharp horns through his adversary. But Pickett held on, and was beginning to wear down the animal.

The unruly customers began to throw things into the arena, a beer bottle hitting Bill a glancing blow on the side of his head. He loosened his hold, "the bull making a whipcracker out of Bill Pickett."

It was now six minutes, past the agreed time, and the bell still hadn't rung! But now the angry 101 hands charged into the arena to rescue Bill. Pandemonium reigned, with the cowboys lucky to escape with their lives!

With the coming of World War I, the Miller Brothers' rodeo show was over, never regaining its prominence. By 1932 the once-famous 101 Ranch dwindled away, with Zack Miller the only brother still alive and Bill Pickett the only one left of the old 101 outfit.

Now in his seventies, Pickett came to a sudden end in probably the only way he would have wanted it. In trying to cut out some horses in the corral, a big sorrel reared up and plunged at him, knocking him down, and stomping over his prone body. Bill Pickett died eleven days later and was buried on top of a hill, overlooking his old stamping grounds.

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In the days before and during the Civil War, slaves were brought out west by their masters who became big cattle purchasers and ranchers. In order to protect their investment, owners had the slaves do menial work. Once free, however, they broke wild mustangs and herded cattle, same as the others.

It was estimated by George W. Saunders, former president of the Old Time Trail Drivers Association, that about 35,000 cowboys drove up the trails from Texas, about a third of them blacks and Mexicans. And they helped fence and settle the west. Legendary heroes of the west were generally known by name, not color. Indeed, one has to probe deeply to learn the part blacks played in the west.

There were some who liked their fun. Like Bronco Sam, a "genuine black buckaroo."

Cheyenne, Wyoming, was only a one-streeter in the days of trail-driving on the open range. But it was the hub of the cattle business. Large herds came to and through Wyoming. And with them came the cowboys after months on the trail. They just melted into the saloons and gaming tables.

After three days of living it up, they would be back with the herd — stone broke and still drunk. One of them came up with the bright idea of giving the storekeepers of Cheyenne something to remember them by. Another suggested riding the biggest longhorn in the herd through Main Street. And they looked to Bronco Sam to do the riding! One of the best bronco busters in the business, Sam relished the thought of a little mayhem.

Saddling up, Sam and the crew swept into Cheyenne's Main Street, hollerin' an' hootin', whipping the wild-eyed steer into a frenzy. The poor steer bucked, pitched, and bawled. Coming up to the clothing store, situated next to Bryant's saloon, the steer stopped and stared at his own reflection in the plate-glass window. Then it took off and charged right through the window! Everything scattered in its path, store help and clothes included. And then it plunged back through the window, with Sam holding on for dear life! The cowhands finally roped the wild steer, bringing him back to the herd.

Needless to say, one and all of the individuals instantly became sober. But when they rode back into town, they were met by an angry group of storekeepers. Sam cooled them down when he agreed to settle their claims. The tab was three hundred and fifty dollars! Sam didn't twitch an eyebrow as he peeled off the bills.

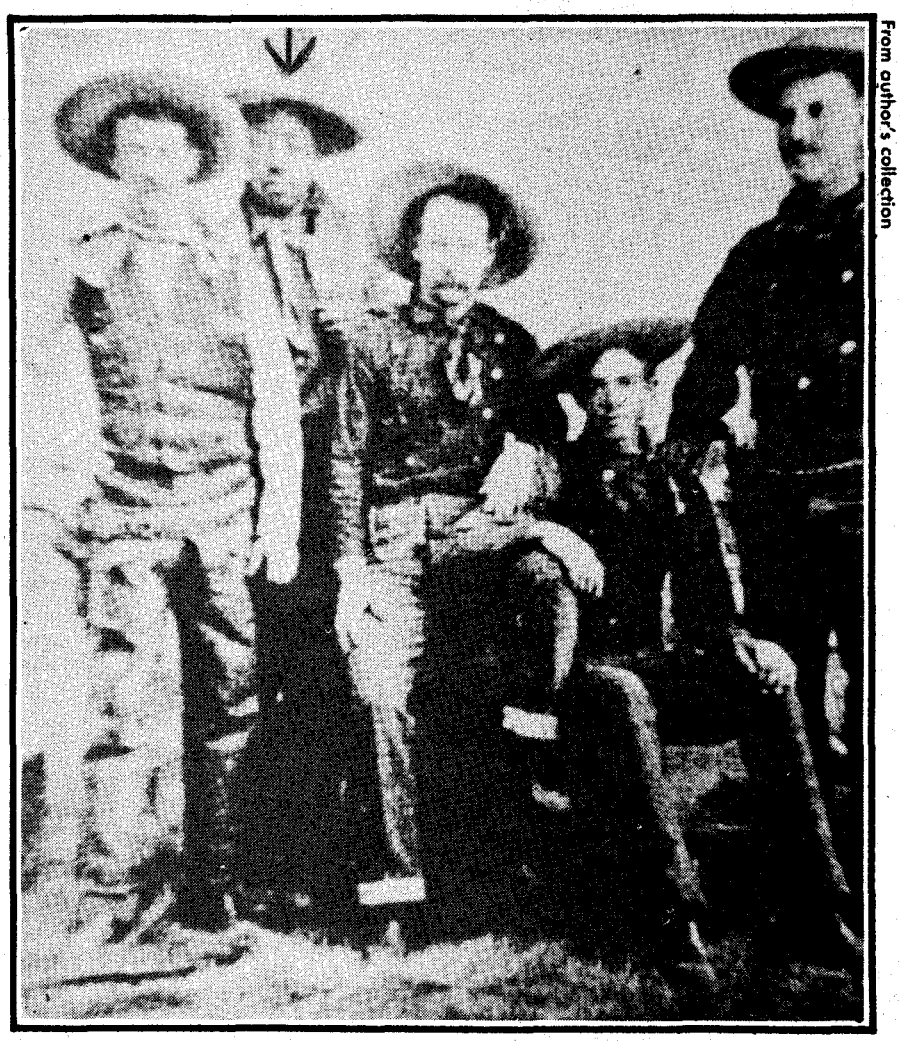
Sam came back some time later, working on ranches near Cheyenne and Laramie. But he was not through with his crazy capers. It was in his blood never to turn down a challenge. This time it was in Laramie. The ranch crew challenged him to climb up the steps of the Frontier Hotel — with his horse!

Never the one to pass up a little deviltry, Sam rode his mount up the steep front steps of the classy hotel. He almost made it to the top when the stairway buckled under, crumbling in one big heap! Miraculously, Sam walked away from it, unhurt. Bronco Sam must have lived a peaceful existence afterward, since nothing more was heard of his escapades.

Cattle herds kicking up dust on trail drives brought many crews to all parts of the west. The Texas XIT Ranch drove its herds more than a thousand miles to its two-million-acre Montana ranch up north. Only seven cowhands were needed to deliver these herds, since most of the trip was by box-car. Black trail-driver Bob Leavitt went through to Montana with the fist crew.

Mostly, these cowboys delivered their cattle and streaked back to Texas, eager to spend their fat payroll closer to home. A few, like Bob Leavitt, stayed and worked on the XIT Montana ranch. But Bob soon tired of ranching and was looking for the easy life. Building a small log shack for a saloon in Miles City, he accommodated all the lonely cowboys on the different ranches. It soon became the center for all the hair-raising stories that only a cowboy could dream up.

Credit was always available — up to a point! If someone was ornery enough not to pay his bill, he had a surprise coming. Instead of receiving another free handout of whiskey, he tasted a sample of Bill's own concoction! No one was able to explain how it was put together, but whoever sampled it was out of there in a flash, gasping for breath! People came great distances to the saloon in order to listen to how the west was won, with all its legendary tales and myths.



From author's collection

"Nigger Jeff" (arrow) was in the thick of the fight at St. Johns, Arizona.

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There was also the little known exploits, the less publicized black who played an important part in the history of the west.

Leading a herd of cattle along the Chisholm Trail to Abilene, Kansas, cattleman R.B. Johnson suffered a heart attack. The returning crew told of how they embalmed and buried the body. But George Glenn, a black employee, was not satisfied. He wanted it laid to rest in the family cemetery in Colorado County, Texas. And he went to great lengths to show his loyalty and devotion to his boss.

Returning to where his body was buried in Abilene, Kansas, Glenn dug up the casket, loading it onto the wagon. Since there was no railroad between Kansas and Texas at the time, it took him forty-two days to complete the arduous trip. Crossing swollen streams after heavy rainstorms and using back-breaking energy to lift the wagon out of ruts, he finally laid the body to rest. But then pneumonia set in, and he almost died.

Another heroic black, simply called "Nigger Jeff", worked for the famous feudin' Greer outfit out at St. Johns, Arizona. The Greers had built a large cattle ranch. They also had to compete with their Mexican neighbors for grazing land and water. And that started a bitter range war. Armed Mexicans charged into the Greer outfit, surrounding them, and effectively trapping them inside the town of St. Johns!

Three of the ranch hands leaped on their horses and sped through the blockade. Yet if it hadn't been for Jeff, who covered the rear for his two friends, they might never had made it. Jeff stood back, stopping the Mexican advance with a withering barrage of fire, then turned and streaked through the brush onto the open road. The Greers were rescued by other cowboys returning to the ranch. Jeff would have been just a name if it wasn't for the fact that he posed for a picture with his cowboy friends.

Deadwood City, South Dakota was famous for the cutting down of Wild Bill Hickok, shot in the back while playing poker in the local saloon. Since he held a pair of aces and eights, it became known as "dead man's hand."

The town was also known for its infamous desperado, Deadwood Dick. So many claimed the title, even historians disagree who the culprit really was. It is generally believed that it all came out of a dime novel. Because he was also known as the "Black Rider of the Black Hills," Nat Love thought he had the best claim to the title.

Writing it up in a story of his life, Love claimed that the sobriquet was bestowed upon him by the citizens of Deadwood.

Born a slave in an old log cabin in Tennessee, he took to horses like a man born to the saddle. When only fifteen, he left home to go west, determined to be a glorified cowboy. He won his spurs with a Texas Panhandle outfit, just off the Palo Duro River, by riding the wildest horse in the herd. He later drifted to Arizona, working on the ranch near the Gila River. Becoming friendly with the Mexican vaqueros, he soon learned to speak Spanish, and he became head brand reader of the ranch!

In the spring of 1876, Nat was one of a crew that delivered three thousand head of cattle to Deadwood City. Local citizens were getting ready to celebrate the Fourth. And with the recent discovery of gold by the Homestead Mines, the boom town was full of cowboys, miners, and an equal number of gun-toters.

Nat was just in time to compete in the horse-roping contest. He walked off with first prize, roping and tying the mustang in record time. In a shooting match Love hit the bulls-eye with his fourteen rifle shots, and ten of his twelve pistol shots hit dead center!

According to Love, he was given the title of Deadwood Dick! He wrote *The Life and Adventures of Nat Love.* Many historians claim he stretched the truth in many places. But it did add to the legends and myths that prevails in the West!

●RW

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From author's collection

Bob Leavitt's saloon in Miles City, Montana.

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

REAL WEST facts about the Indian and his way of life.

THE MEDICINE FEAST

By NONO MINOR, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

Many Indian tribes combined socializing and ceremonies to involve the entire group; among the Winnebago, one such ancient ceremony was known as the Medicine Feast or Medicine Dance. This ritual was part origin-myth, telling the legend of the Hare which was sent to earth by Earthmaker, and also a ceremony to honor the dead.

There are usually five member-bands of the ceremony, with a sixth band or group being formed whenever the ceremony is given in honor of a deceased member. This ceremony is something of a secret society, with no special time for the ceremony, and all member bands do not attend at the same time.

There is a fee to become a member of this society, and it takes years for some individuals to obtain enough goods to give. This fee is not fixed at any set amount but according to the ability to pay. Sometimes goods to the amount of two or three hundred dollars are given by an individual.

Each invited band is divided into three groups: the leader, his two assistants, and the remainder of the band. Leadership depends upon knowledge of the ceremony and its complete esoteric significance, which is possessed by only a few individuals in each band. The knowledge is obtained only by purchase and religious qualifications, plus moral leadership. Often the leader was also a warrior or a shaman.

The two assistants generally were men who had been able to purchase sufficient information and privileges which entitled them to help the leader in the ceremony. Drummers, rattle holders, dancers and singers were from the rest of the band. They might eventually become leaders when they had gained sufficient information about the ceremony.

The society was open to all, men, women and children alike, and they could join the medicine dance by applying for leadership to any of the five band leaders plus making satisfactory payment. Or, they could take the place of a deceased relative, and this was the most common form.

Upon entering the ceremony, the exact amount of information one would receive depended upon the payment. The minimum knowledge only acquainted the individual with the bare externals of the ceremony, its general significance and a brief knowledge of the legendary origin of the lodge. The new member was not initiated into the symbolism of the ritualistic myths, and consequently much of the ceremony was unintelligible to him. What was obtained was the right to hold the otter-skin bag or medicine pouch and to use it in a certain way. At first he could not take part in the dances or singing until he had the opportunity to purchase additional knowledge and privileges.

Although there are three kinds of members (mature men, women, and children), the privileges of the women and children differ somewhat from those of the men in that they do not have to take the sweat bath, and they may never become assistants, and they are allowed to only dance in a certain way. Other privileges could never be had by women, but this is due to the fact that either they do not care for them or they are not in a position to buy them. Children belong to another category, and although they possess an otter skin, they did not have the power to make it effective.

Those who are to take part, or be initiated into the ceremony, are sent invitation sticks and tobacco, and they are required to fast for three days before the ceremony. Sometime during this period, an older medicine man takes the new member-to-be to a secret place and instructs him in some of the mysteries and doctrines of the society. The men must not only fast but be subjected to a severe sweating process (by covering them with blankets and steaming them with herbs).

Not much regalia is used in the ceremony and it is simple; the medicine bags are of eagle, hawk, squirrel, beaver or otter skin. The otter skin was beaded with decorations; all bags however contained sacred shells and various medicines along with a few red feathers which were attached to the bag. The members had their faces decorated, distinctive of the five bands.

The ceremony began with singing and dancing, along with prayers. Each band, whose members are to come into the society, have certain duties to perform. They must send tobacco to the leaders of the other bands and also be ready to receive them.

Older members of the society start the celebration early, then the new members, or the ones to be initiated into the society, are led into the arched lodge or bower constructed of poles covered with skin, cloth and other materials. The size of the bower conforms to the number of persons to be invited. The width is about sixteen feet, the length varying from ten to seventy-five yards.

The ground through the center of the lodge or bower is covered with blankets. Those to be initiated into the society are then led into the bower and placed on their knees upon the blanket at one end of the bower, facing the other end. Eight or ten medicine men then go around the bower in single file, holding their medicine bundle in their outstretched hands. Each time they go around the bower, they halt and make a short speech; this is then repeated until all the medicine men had spoken.

There are various types of speeches during the ceremony: those of welcome, when the leader of the east band enters; speeches of acceptance after food is offered; speeches of presentation where food is offered to the host; explanatory speeches which are of no specific nature; and

(continued on page 55)

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SKELETON CANYON'S TRAIL OF DEATH

By Clarence M. Fink

Photo by Camillus S. Fly

Ike Clanton

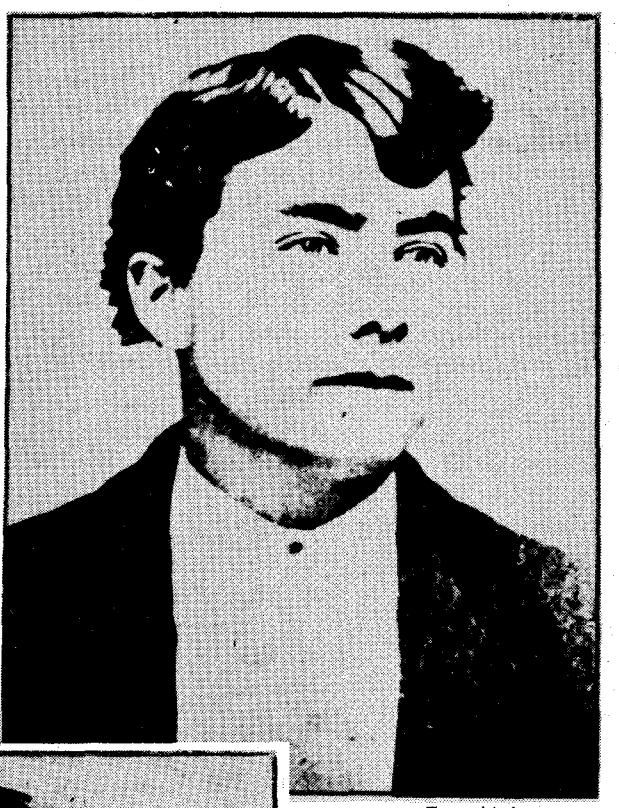

Photo by Hassell

Tom McLowery

Photo by Hassell

All three Tombstone desperadoes took part in the Skeleton Canyon ambush.

The heavy breezes cooled the canyon somewhat during this blazing time of sizzling heat and blowing dust. This day in July, 1881, a panther screamed in anger and the trees rustled in queer unison like spirit voices babbling tales to one another. A lone fox added its voice in a language of loneliness to the many unnatural and plaintive noises of the bright afternoon.

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The long trail swept through the wildest and remotest parts of the Peloncillo Mountains from Animas Valley in New Mexico to the San Simon Valley in Arizona. Death was no stranger to this area; the Indians saw to that, lifting the scalps of their enemies here and leaving the buzzards and the coyotes to pick the gruesome leftovers clean at their own leisure. Fragments of bones were scattered throughout the grass, with the skulls picked up in later years to be used as soap basins in San Simon Valley ranch houses.

In the shadows near the tall cathedral rocks that form the Devil's Kitchen in this rough canyon, a burly figure of a man lounged with carefree listlessness in his saddle, absorbing the coolness that exuded from the deep recess of the big rocks. He gazed with calm indifference across the grassy level floor of the canyon with its gurgling stream. He had a bull neck and a swarthy face, topped off with curly hair. To his friends he answered to the name of Curly Bill Brocius.

From the far end of the canyon came a faint, musical tinkle of bells. The silvery shiver of the sounds brought a quick transformation from inattentiveness to concentrated activity on Curly Bill's part. He drew his six shooters, spun their cylinders for bullet content, lifted his rifle from its sheaf, examined it, and replaced the weapon; now fully confident that he was prepared to protect himself satisfactorily, he prodded his horse into an easy walk up the canyon. A quick wave of his hand was the only prepared signal to those carefully hidden along the tangled chaparral and broken rocks on the canyon's rim.

From around the bend on the trail, a long mule train appeared suddenly into view to the lone horseman. Don Miguel, leader of the caravan, lifted his upraised arm and brought his slow-trekking animals to a dead halt, the music of the bells dropping to silence. A look of surprise swept across his face.

"*Como esta usted, Senor,*" said Curly Bill with an easy smile. Don Miguel's air was one of guarded aloofness, alert because of the horseman's sudden and unexpected appearance in this out-of-the-way place.

"*Buenos dias,*" was the Don's reply that carried a noticeable chill in his voice.

"Nice day," remarked Curly Bill throwing his leg nonchalantly over the pommel of his saddle and making a cigarette with his package of yellow papers while rolling it from a sack of tobacco. It was an easy and disarming move that caused Don Miguel's mood to thaw somewhat. A wandering cowboy perhaps, he surmised. The two men exchanged casual courtesies. Curly Bill spoke Spanish with all the inflections and vernacular idioms of a Mexican.

"I've been warned, *Senor,* that sometimes robbers hide in these mountains and travel these wild trails. By the Virgin, one can't be too careful with lurking danger ever present," interjected Don Miguel.

"Robbers, eh?"

"No, *Senor!*, just plain honest people trying to make a living like myself, looking for stray cattle."

"My headquarters are up north. Maybe you would keep an eye out for the animals?," insisted Curly Bill with a winning smile of friendliness. "Going to Tucson? *A muy bueno* town, you bet," added Bill with a sly chuckle. "Very pretty girls. A *baile* every night, good hard liquor. You and your *hombres* will have one high old time!"

Don Miguel grinned in return, but the caravan was losing time. It had to keep moving, even though the stranger was a very pleasant fellow.

"*Vaya con Dios,*" the Mexican lifted his large, decorated sombrero with the courtly politeness of a Spanish gentleman. "Go with God."

"*Adios Amigo!,*" replied Curly Bill.

When the mule train started again, the clashing of bells clanged loudly against the ear drums. Curly Bill glanced quickly at the canyon wall. Nothing stirred. Riding the full length of the caravan he called jovially, "*Como le va?*" to the pair of Mexicans who acted as rear guard.

"*Bien y usted?*" they shouted back in return.

Curly Bill's generated cordiality vanished immediately like a passing black cloud over the sun's brightness. With eyes blazing like the devil's and his face darkening with hate, he drew his sixgun with amazing swiftness and snapped two shots that almost blended together at the surprised Mexicans who slumped from their saddles and fell to the ground and lay still even before their friendly looks of greeting had vanished from their lips.

"Take them all boys! Give the greasers hell!" he roared with a bloodthirsty yell. Death leaped from the rim of the canyon as a dozen rifles commenced to blaze away with uncontrolled fury upon the trapped, ambushed smugglers. Their cries of pain and death mingled with the stampeding mules that swept over their masters' prone bodies in a whirlwind of terror and wild death spasms. A few bronzed horsemen dived to the ground and rolled over as their horses catapulted them into the line of deadly fire. One mortally wounded rider was nearly carried by his maddened horse to the top of a high embankment before he fell off, sprawling with a thud at full length. Don Miguel, his face stricken gray as his body contorted in agony as he tottered and swayed, tried to remain erect but was swept from his horse — but not before he had triggered two shaky shots at his attackers on the canyon rim; they missed their mark.

A young Mexican screamed frantically for his brothers: "*Manuel, Jose, Pancho.*" His cry fell upon dead ears. Curly Bill pumped half a dozen shots after him as he fled the pit of death, the bullets cutting away the leaves of the large tree above his head. His brothers lay dead in the long bear grass. The youth quickly lost himself in the far purple shadows, the only one of the smuggler band to escape.

The outlaws took to their horses and felt their way down the steep declivities of the canyon. Curly Bill wore a smile of triumph on his dark face. Everything in this ambush had gone true to form. The clockwork of perfect timing had paid off for them.

"Here's a Mex still breathing!," said one ambusher.

"Well, finish him off!," said another; a shot followed, and another further on. The buzzards and coyotes would attend to these unfortunate fellows who would add more grisly decorations to the already abundance of grotesque objects. The pack mules were overtaken in the San Simon Valley, rounded up, and taken to Al George's *cienega* at the mouth of Cave Creek Canyon. The outlaws split up the spoils ($75,000 in Mexican silver). For riotous weeks they squandered their ill-gotten money at the drinking places of Charleston and Galeyville.

The murderous attack that left a blood bath of their victims in this July, 1881 was accomplished by a Western Who's Who of outlaws that was headed by Old Man Clanton, Curly Bill, Johnny Ringo, Tom and Frank McLowery, Joe Hill, Charlie Thomas, Ike and Billy Clanton, Jim Hughes, Rattlesnake Bill, Jake Gauze, and Charlie Snow. This lawless crew shared fully in the sickening glory of their murderous exploit. ● **RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES: *Tombstone*, by Walter Noble Burns, New York, 1927.

Arizona Iliad, by George F. Seam, Tucson, 1925.

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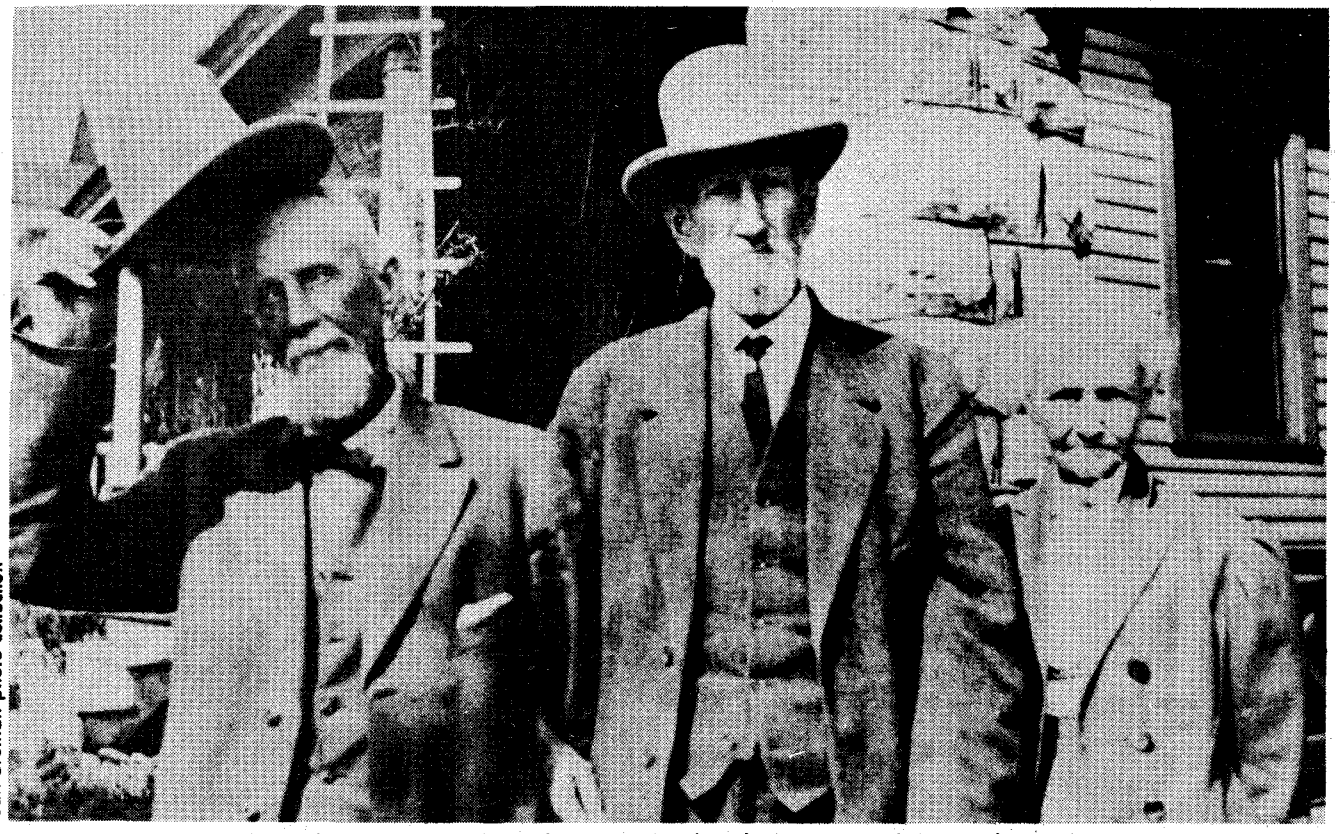

Carl Breihan photo collection

Last known photo of Frank James standing between Mr. & Mrs. John Pool.

By Carl W. Breihan

DEATH OF

After twenty-one years on the outlaw trail, Frank James surrendered his pistol to Governor T.T. Crittenden at Jefferson City, Missouri. He was tried for murder in Gallatin, Missouri, and acquitted. The famous brother of Jesse James did not die the way people always expected.

The death of Jesse W. James on April 3, 1882, accompanied by the treachery of several gang members, unnerved Frank James to such an extent that he at once considered surrendering to Governor T. T. Crittenden, with the understanding that he would be granted a fair trial for alleged crimes. With this thought in mind, he traveled to Jefferson City, Missouri, where he met his dear friend, Major John Newman Edwards, at the St. James Hotel, and there he unfolded his plans. He professed to be entirely through with outlawry and desired to settle down so as to forget his past.

Major Edwards told Frank James that his many friends would back him up. After the secret interview Frank remained in seclusion for a time at St. Louis, where a purse of over five thousand dollars was raised to secure his freedom. However, Governor Crittenden explained that it would not be in order for him to offer Frank James a pardon in advance of his surrender and possible conviction.

On June 2, 1882, a meeting was held in Jefferson City, and plans for Frank's surrender seemed to be clear. However, friends of Frank and officials of Clay County jumped the gun and so caused a delay in the arrangements. They sent Mrs. Zerelda Samuel and Mrs. Frank James together with Police Commissioner Henry Craig of Kansas City and an attorney to the capital city to open negotiations with the Governor's representative. Frank James had been entrusting the whole matter to Major Edwards and did not know that his wife and mother were interfering like this.

Mrs. Samuel created quite a scene. She demanded that the Governor give Frank an unconditional surrender immediately and made threats if anyone should harm him. Of course, the Governor refused to hear any more of her ravings and she had to return to Kearney unsatisfied. When she ranted and foamed at Frank, he swore vengeance against the Fords before he would surrender, and things were back to where they had been before all the negotiations. To make things worse, the Brookfield, Missouri bank was robbed that very month. Many believed Frank had a hand in this, but actually this robbery was committed by the Frank Mason gang, all of whom were soon apprehended, tried, convicted, and sentenced to long prison terms.

Toward the end of June, Frank traveled east and caught a steamer bound for Australia. Many people speculated on his reasons for skipping the country and leaving his family at the Samuel home. But soon he returned and at once contacted Major Edwards at Sedalia, asking him to reopen the discussion. On October 1st Frank sent a lengthy letter to the Governor, telling of

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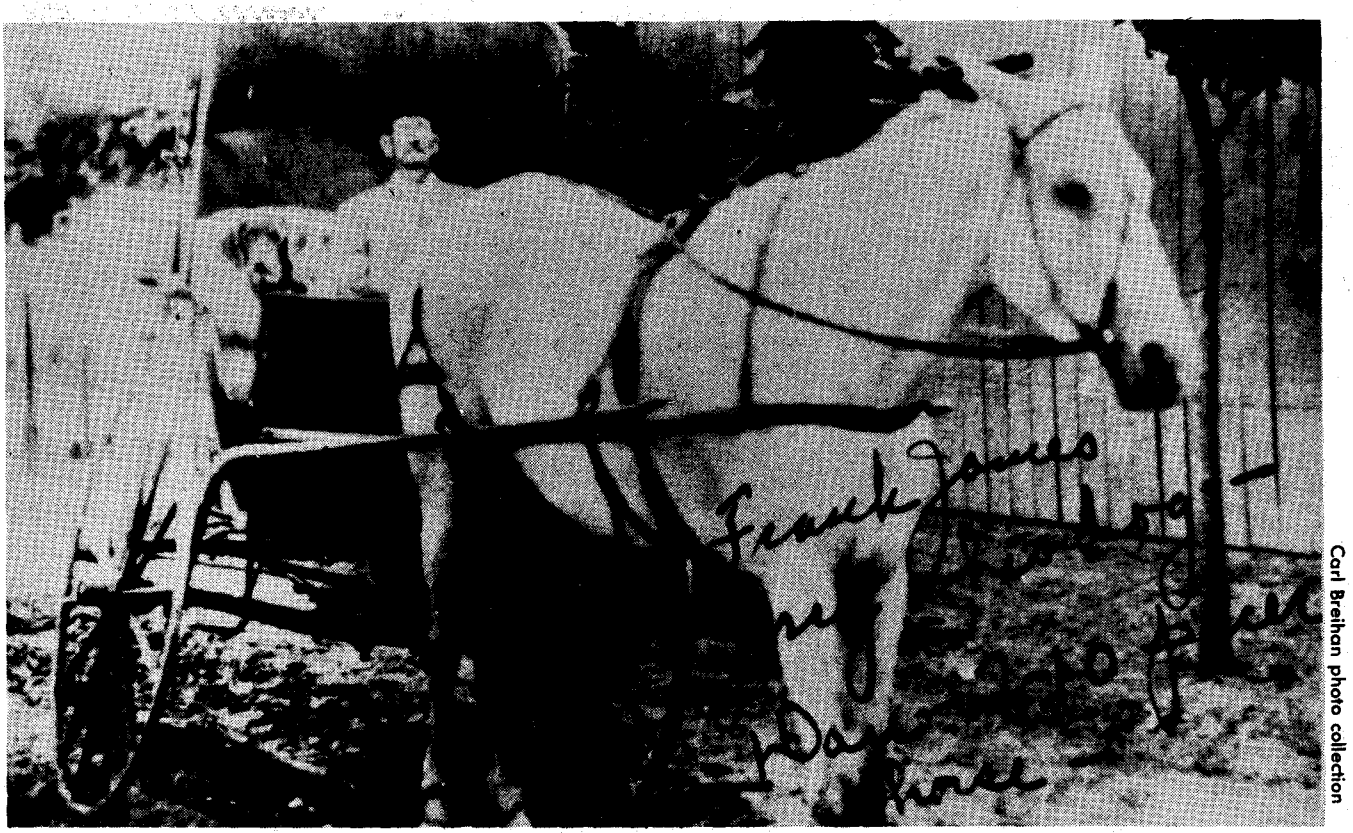

Carl Breihan photo collection

Frank James, Jerry, his dog and Dan, his pacer horse.

FRANK JAMES

his willingness to stand trial. In his reply of October 2nd the Governor stated that he was willing to accept the surrender but could make no promises. The letter ended with: "You may be innocent, or you may be guilty of all the heinous crimes charged to you. That the court will determine, as before said, and after the voice of the court is heard, then if it becomes necessary, I will decide what my action shall be."

On Thursday evening, October 5th, Frank James quietly walked up the steps of the capitol building, accompanied by Major Edwards. Their meeting with the Governor was brief. Frank unbuckled his belt containing a Remington .44-calibre revolver and 42 cartridges and said, "Governor, for the first time in twenty-one years I now permit another man to take my pistol. It is the happiest moment of my life. I feel freer, braver, and better today than I ever felt since 1861. If you will, I would like for you to keep this pistol and belt as a gift from me. Each has a history; One day, if I am spared, I will give it to you as truthfully as I can recall it. That belt was captured in open fight at Centralia. That pistol, after its owner had shot me through and through, was taken from him before I fell. I am now unarmed and your prisoner. I have trusted you as I have never trusted any other man. Do with me as you please."

The Governor and his aides were touched.

"You shall have every protection afforded by the laws of your country, and as fair a trial as though you were the son of a president," replied Governor Crittenden.

It was at once arranged for Frank to leave Jefferson City at midnight and to travel to Independence in the company of the Governor's secretary, F. C. Farr, there to be turned over to the civil authorities of Jackson County. After a half hour's talk with reporters and capitol personnel, Frank James went to the McCarty House, where nearly a thousand persons came to shake his hand. They found him soft-spoken and friendly, a man with seventeen bullet scars, thinning hair, great physical endurance though slender and having a tired and worn look.

To one reporter he said, "I am tired of an outlaw's life. I have been hunted for twenty-one years. I have literally lived in the saddle. I have never known a day of perfect peace. It was one long, anxious, inexorable, eternal vigil. When I slept, it was literally in the midst of an arsenal. If I heard dogs bark more fiercely than usual, or if I heard the feet of horses in a greater volume than usual, I stood to my arms. Have you any idea what a man must endure who leads such a life? No, you haven't. No one can understand unless he has lived it for himself."

On Friday morning Frank James arrived in Independence, where a large crowd of excited citizens tried to grasp his hand. The outlaw's young son and wife were there to greet him, and the public was glad to see their happy embraces. The officials who met Frank at the railroad depot were Police Commissioner Craig, Prosecuting Attorney of Jackson County, William H. Wallace, and Cornelius Murphy, Marshal of Jackson County, the last carrying warrants which charged Frank James with the murder of Pinkerton Agent J. W. Whicher and the holdup and murder connected with the Winston and the Blue Cut train robberies. Frank was first taken to the courthouse; then in the afternoon he was removed to a comfortable cell in the jail.

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or just prior to the train holdup there. Witnesses were examined and cross-examined, much to the enjoyment of the spectators.

There was a noticeable falling off of those in attendance at the trial on August 27th, most of the curious seemingly satisfied by the story of Dick Liddil, one-time member of the James gang now turned traitor. The display of oratory at the Frank James trial no doubt was the best ever heard in the State of Missouri, with John Philips and Prosecutor Wallace leading the list.

At noon on September 6, 1883, Mr. Wallace completed the argument in the Frank James case with a speech which would have done credit to any man in the country, whatever his name or reputation, and which will always shine as the more admirable and conspicuous feature in the history of this most remarkable trial. It was a delightful surprise to the most enthusiastic of Mr. Wallace's friends, and its effect was far more damaging to the defendant than all the testimony which had gone before it. Mr. Wallace was a gentleman about 35 years of age, with dark hair and short burnsides and moustache, blue eyes, and strong rather than handsome features. A frame of great vigor enabled him to sustain to the end of a

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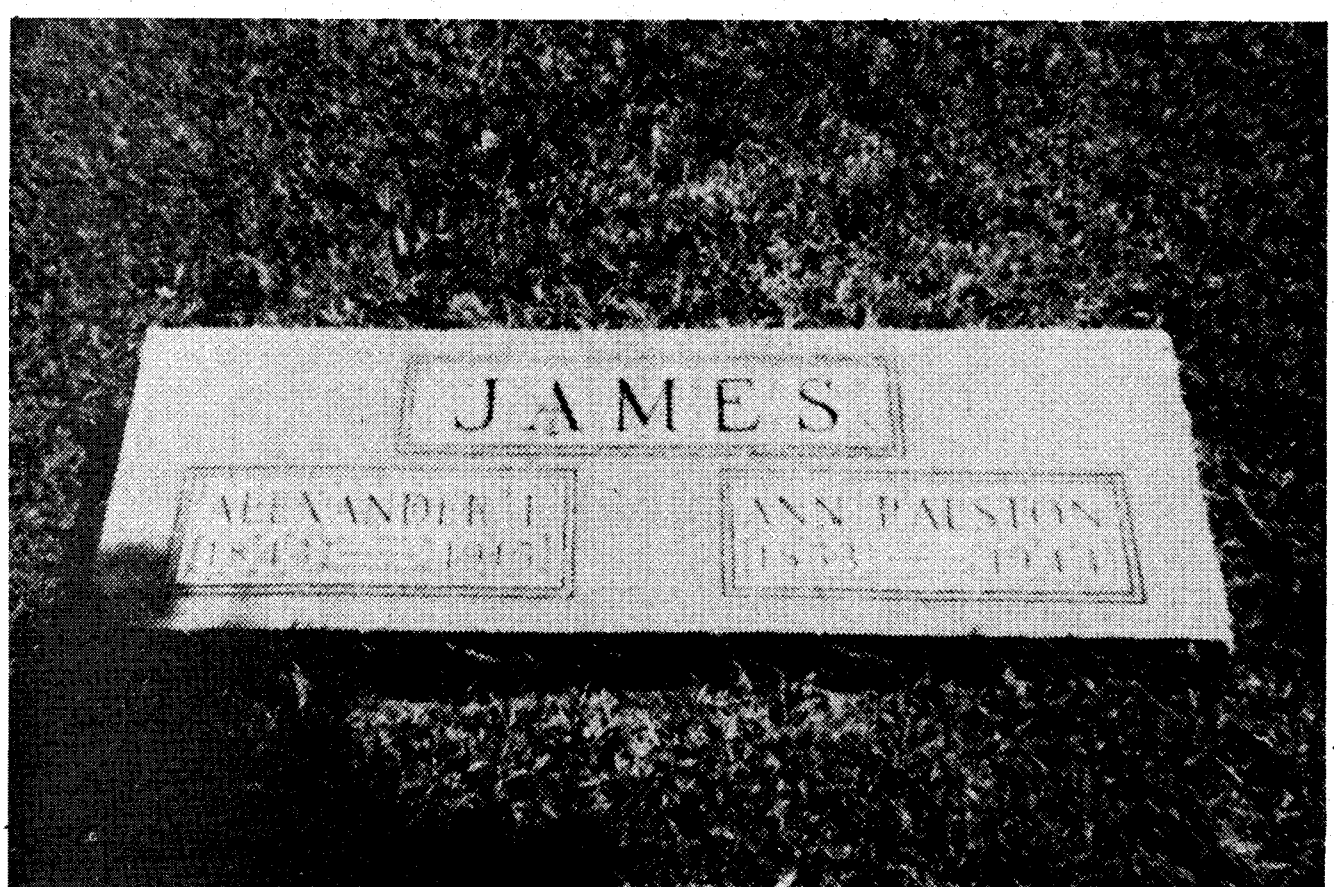
Captain Henry H. Craig, Police Commissioner of Kansas City. He was active in the capture of Jesse James.



Carl Breihan photo collection

Graves of Frank and Annie Ralston James at Independence, Missouri.

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To the jailer, Mr. Holland, Frank said, "I have come to stay a while. All I ask is fair treatment and a fair trial."

During the days that followed, Frank had his preliminary hearing before Judge H. P. White of the Criminal Court of Jackson County, and many prominent farmers talked of posting a bond for the noted bandit. Among those eager to assist were Colonel A. P. Powell, a prominent banker of Lee's Summit, and Bob Hudspeth, a wealthy farmer of Jackson County. They agreed to post a $100,000 bond if necessary, especially after it was learned that still another indictment was pending against Frank for the killing of Cashier Sheets during the robbery of the bank in Gallatin, Daviess County, Missouri in December of 1869.

Frank remained in the Independence jail until his trial opened at Gallatin on August 21, 1883. The crowd was so large that it had to be held in the opera house instead of the courtroom. Jailer Holland eventually lost his job for being too lenient with the outlaw in allowing him to have the run of the place.

The authorities had agreed to hold Frank's trial at Gallatin, Missouri, because they thought that, aside from the holdup of the Gallatin Bank, the strongest case against the defendant was the one charging him with participation in the robbery of the Rock Island train at Winston, which was just west of Gallatin. In that robbery two murders were committed: William Westfall, the conductor, and Frank McMillan, the brick mason. Proof of Frank's presence at that time could have cost him his life.

Defending Frank James were some of the best legal talents in the country: Judge John F. Philips of Kansas City, James H. Slover, John M. Glover, Christopher T. Garner, Joshua W. Alexander, Charles P. Johnson, and William H. Rush. The prosecution was conducted by William H. Wallace of Jackson County with the help of William D. Hamilton of Gallatin, John H. Shanklin, Marcus A. Low, Joshua F. Hicklin, and Henry Clay McDougal.

Before the trial William H. Wallace was in the office of the Daviess County prosecutor, William D. Hamilton, when he noticed Sheriff Crozier about to summon the jury. Crozier was standing in the courthouse yard. He would pull a paper out of his pocket, look at it, then cross the street and accost some man standing on the sidewalk. Then he would come back to the courthouse yard, take the paper out of his pocket again, and go through the same performance.

Wallace walked up to the sheriff and told him he was satisfied they were going to have a fixed jury.

Crozier asked innocently, "What makes you think that?"

Wallace informed him that he had been watching him pick the jury.

Wallace then conferred with Hamilton; they agreed to sign an affidavit alleging improper conduct on the part of the sheriff and to ask that Coroner Claggett be directed to summon an impartial jury from the country people. Some objections were raised, since Mr. Claggett was an ex-Confederate soldier, and oddly enough, the defense did not want an ex-Confederate to pick the jury. The air was full of threats of violence.

On hearing of the intention of Hamilton and Wallace, Judge C. H. S. Goodman asked, "Do you intend to replace Sheriff Crozier for the selection of the jury?"

Wallace replied, "Yes, justice is being cheated."

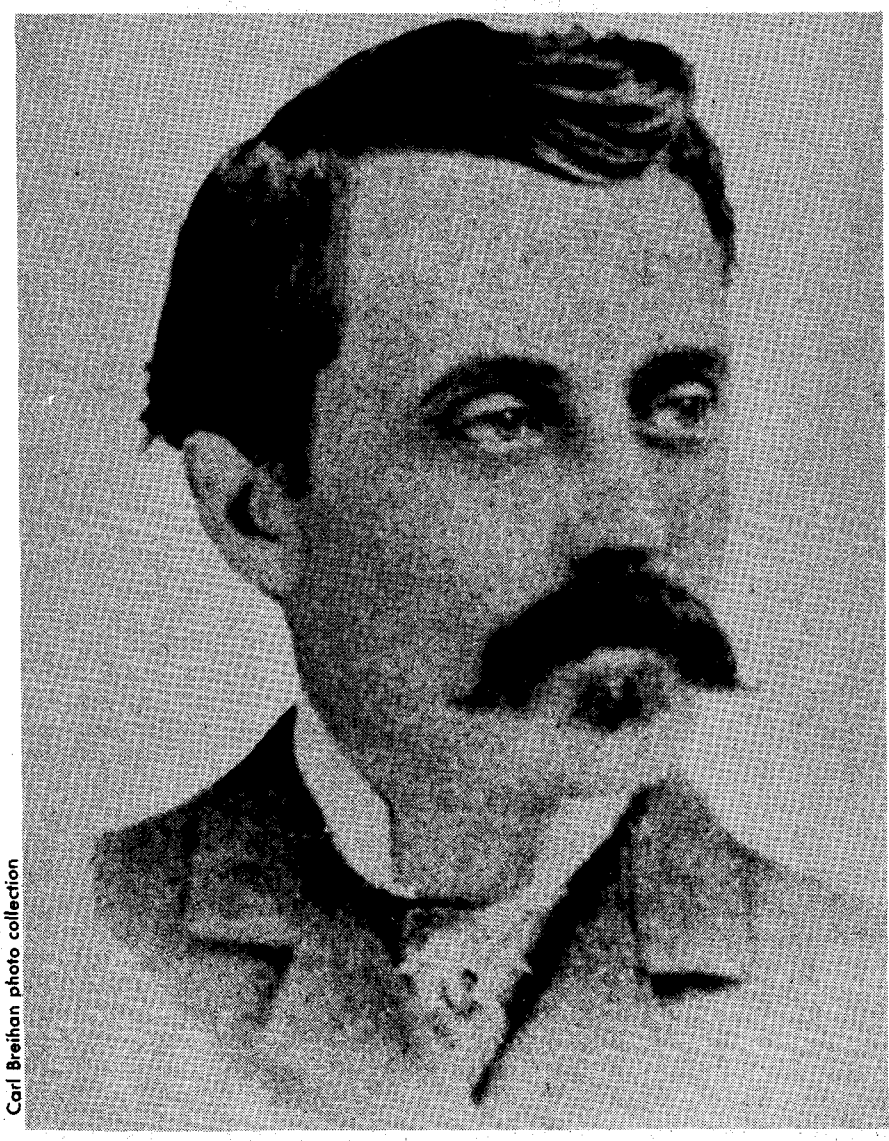
The judge then said, "Gentlemen, I am not in the habit of announcing my decision beforehand, but if you will make such a motion I will certainly overrule it in order to prevent bloodshed."

Wallace then threatened to give up and go home, but he was prevailed upon to stick with Hamilton and the other prosecuting attorneys, since it was he who knew most about the case.

He said, "Very well. If you put it on that ground I will stay. But bear in mind that we will simply be trying Frank James before the world, for the jury's verdict is already written."

His words proved to be prophetic.

The trial opened with the opera house overcrowded by the curious and friends of the James family. Numerous and varied witnesses were called, both pro and con. Everyone placed Frank James near Winston on



Carl Breihan photo collection

Dick Liddel, the man who turned state's evidence against Frank James.

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THE FABULOUS

Buffalo Bill Cody. A real frontiersman who became one of America's greatest showmen.

During the late 19th century and well into the 20th, the name of William S. Cody, better known as "Buffalo Bill", was heroic to the countless millions of readers of his daring and colorful adventures. There is one story, and it's a true one as told by the one-time Colonel and Chief of Scouts, of how he shot two renegade Indians with a single bullet. Sounds like a chapter taken from one of the dime novels printed in Bill's era, but no, this is factual and it is written into the war records of the Army of the United States.

It was back in June, 1870. The troops stationed at Fort McPherson, Nebraska had just returned from a hard chase of renegade Indians and were enjoying a well-earned rest. At this time Bill Cody, who was Chief of Scouts under Gen. Phil Sheridan, was also enjoying the soft, summer-evening breezes. A detail of men had left the fort to water a government herd of horses and mules in the nearby Platte River when shots were heard. Everyone was on his feet and heading for the river.

A party of Sioux Indians had dashed out of the trees on the little island in the river, shooting, waving blankets and stampeding the 400 animals. When the action was over, the Indians had killed two of the herders and wounded another. They had managed to get away with half of the herd and headed for the bluff's south of the fort. It didn't take too long for the bugler to sound "Boots and Saddles," with Cody mounting his old war horse, "Buckskin Joe".

Five troops of cavalry under the command of Gen. William H. Emory were busy saddling up and getting their arms, ammunition belts, etc. Company I, Fifth U. S. Cavalry, was the first troop ready for the chase. A young officer, Lt. Earl Thomas, just out of West Point, was delighted when he was given instructions from the General to take his troops and follow Cody. The General stated that the lieutenant would be supported by the other troops as soon as they were ready, but he ordered Thomas to follow the Indians and recapture the horses. Because of the large number of animals stolen, the Indians were only about five miles into the hills.

The troops mounted and were off on the trail in a gallop. After a few hours, with no sign of the herd, the tracks of the horses showed they were still on the run. The lieutenant called a halt, and the puffing horses were rested while Cody and the officer planned their next move. The troops had taken off in such a hurry that no rations or water were taken, and it was estimated that the nearest water was located 30 miles away. Cody told Lt. Thomas that the trail could be followed all night. The young officer told Bill that he would follow his advice and go where he proposed.

The troopers mounted and the chase resumed. The crafty Indians used all of their knowledge in trying to

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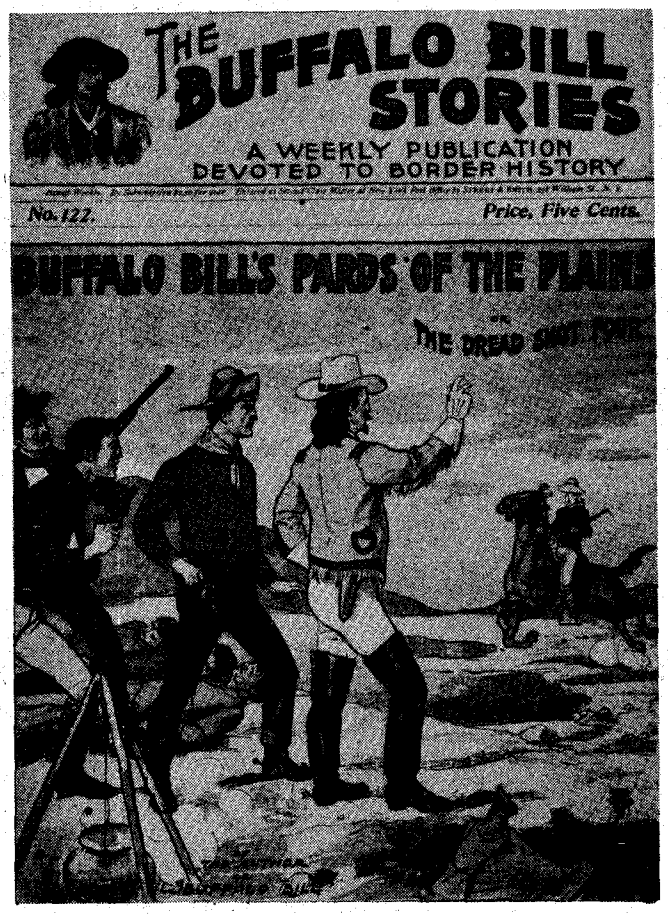
BUFFALO BILL

By Mario A. DeMarco



From the Edward T. LeBlanc dime novel collection

Two typical dime novels of the early 1900's which feature fictional adventures of Buffalo Bill.

throw their pursuers off their trail, and it took the troopers quite some time to figure it out. The men did manage to get some sleep, but the delays increased the distance between the troopers and the Indians. At 11 o'clock the next day, the weary troopers and their mounts reached the head of Medicine Creek, where the water was.

Here Cody and the lieutenant discussed the situation. Signs showed that the trail of the Indians led several hours ahead, also that they were likely to head for the nearest water spring which was another 30 miles distant. Bill surmised that the best idea was to surprise the Indians, whipping them and capturing what food they had on hand, for the troopers hadn't had any food since dinner the day before. It was a long chance, but they decided to take it. The order to bridle up and mount forward was given.

The troopers from the Fifth Cavalry knew the country well, for they had followed Cody through the same hot sand hills on many a scout. Thirty miles to water with nothing to eat in nearly 24 hours and nothing in sight; quite a hard proposition for the small troop, but no one griped as they moved farther into these hot sand hills. Most of the men were in their shirt sleeves with no protection from the cold, night air. Cody admired these men, for they wre determined to get their mounts back and make the Indians pay for killing their comrades.

These were American soldiers of the Indian-fighter type, Sheridan's cavalrymen. The Indians began their old tricks again in hiding their trail, but the men knew where their next stop was, and they knew this part of the country well. About 9 o'clock that night the troop halted about four miles from the springs.

Cody advised the lieutenant to let the horses feed on the grass and let the men get some sleep while he would disguise himself as an Indian and locate the hostiles. He would be back in time so that they could attack them in daylight. The order was given that they were to be silent and no fires were to be lit.

Bill found the Indians one hour later. Four of them were guarding the worn-out animals, and one scout was peering into the night to signal the coming of the troopers. Taking a quick count, Cody estimated that there were about 30 hostiles. Going back to camp, he made plans with Lt. Thomas. Ten of the troopers were to take care of the mounted Indian herders and round up the horses. The remaining troopers were to charge on horseback. When daybreak came, the plans were executed. There were a lot of surprised Indians that morning; nine of them never awoke. Indians on the warpath keep their horses near them while sleeping, so some of them escaped.

Bill saw two of the Indians mount one horse, and by coincidence it was on Bill's other war horse "Powder Face", which was with the herd when captured by the Indians. Bill gave

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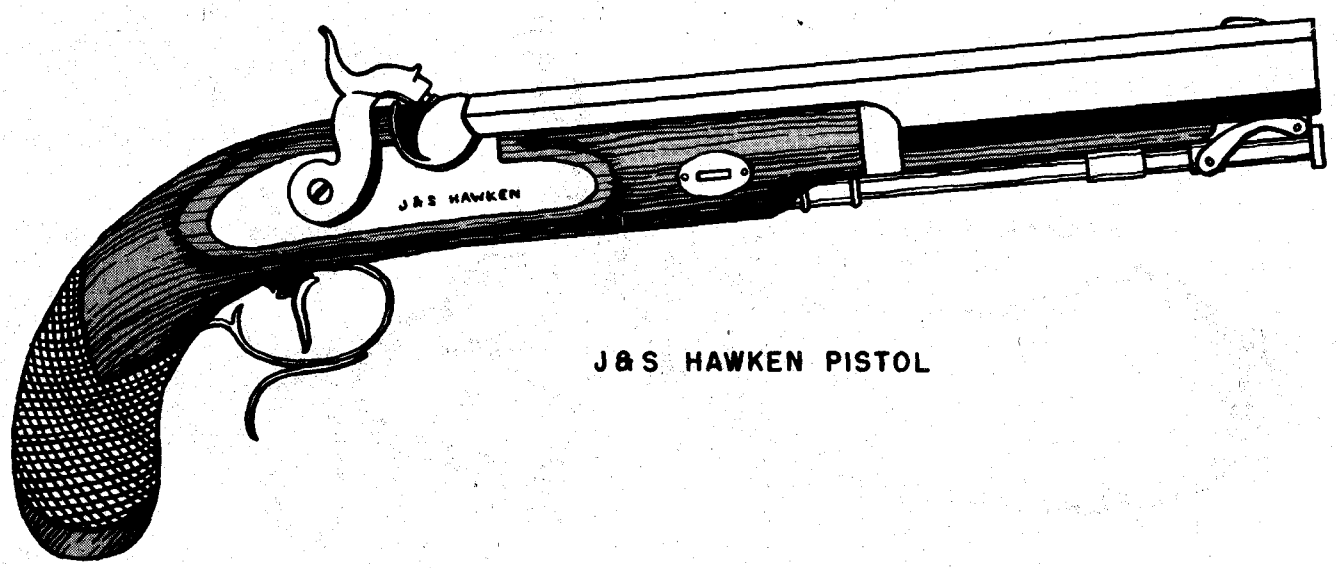
GUNSMOKE GALLERY

by Major R. O. Ackerman



J&S HAWKEN PISTOL

One of the most publicized firearms of the early western frontier was the famed Hawken rifle. The J&S Hawken gun shop was strategically located in St. Louis, which was the last big city the covered-wagon trains reached before their plunge into the wild and often hostile western plains.

Even the most peace-loving easterner knew the reputation of the powerful "plains rifles" made by the Hawken brothers, Jake and Sam. No pioneer would set foot west of St. Louis without a rifle — the most dependable he could afford — and that rifle was preferably from the Hawken shop at 33 Washington Avenue.

Before the great westard migration of the "prairie schooner" covered-wagon trains commenced, the Hawken rifle had already become standard equipment for the earlier pathfinders. These were chiefly the "mountain men", hardy loners who opened up the first white men's trails in their constant search for new colonies of beaver. Kit Carson was one of these trappers, and it was this early experience which caused him to be selected as the guide for some of Fremont's later explorations. The Winchester and the Colt were still far in the future, so to a mountain man, a rifle was usually a Hawken.

This mixed history was responsible for the confusion in terminology today. To a student of the mountain-man era, Hawken or similar rifles are "mountain rifles." When you study the days of the covered wagon trains, the same arm becomes a "plains rifle."

Much less well-known is the Hawken pistol. This is unfortunate, because it was a favorite secondary arm of the mountain-man trapper. Often alone in hostile country, he could not trust his life to the one shot in his rifle. A pistol doubled his firepower, giving him a reserve weapon if there was not sufficient time to reload.

These pistols were massive, single-shot percussion arms of large caliber like the rifles. Although they were often made and sold in "braces" or matched pairs, it is doubtful that the average mountain man usually carried more than one. After all, with a fourteen-pound rifle, tomahawk, Green River skinning knife, ammunition and other gear on his person, even a mountain man had to draw the line somewhere on weight.

An ideal arrangement was to have a pistol which used the same-sized ball as his rifle. This made it necessary to carry only one type of ammunition for both, and only one ball mould in the blanket-roll or on his pack horse. Only a second powder measure was needed — a very small item hanging on his "possibles" bag. This was because a somewhat lighter powder charge was used in the pistol. The huge charge customary in a Hawken rifle might be 150 grains or more, and

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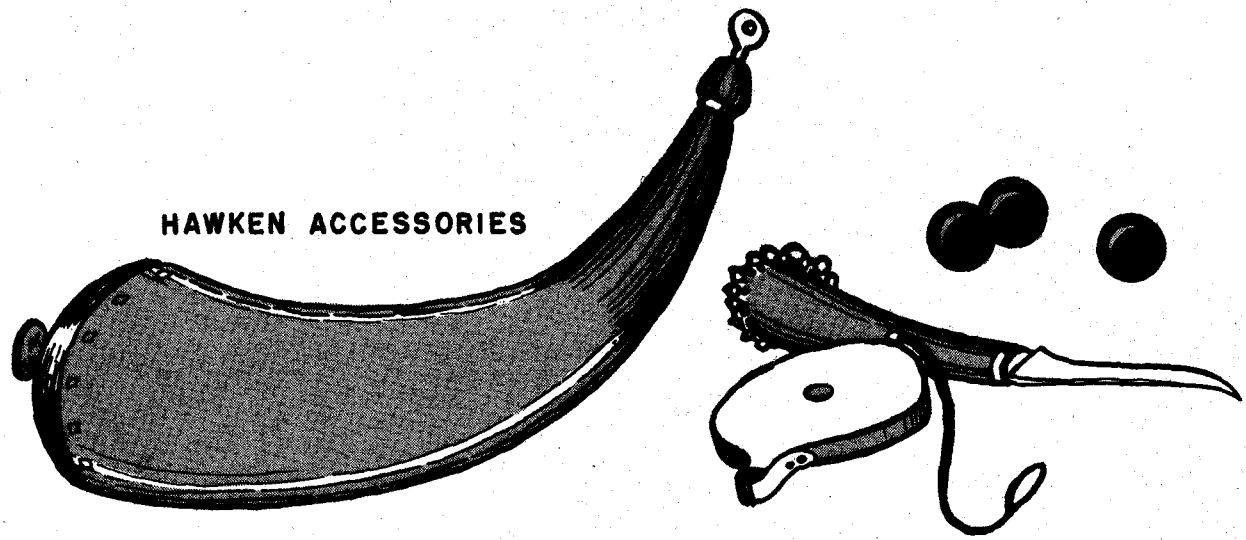
J&S HAWKEN PISTOLS



Sketched by author

even those rugged characters would not relish shooting that charge in a lighter pistol held with one hand.

The twist of the rifling was likely to be a bit faster in the pistol bore than in the rifle in order to stabilize the ball in just ten inches of travel. But this technicality did not alter the method of loading, which was the same for both arms.

The large J&S Hawken pistol shown in our drawing had a swivel ramrod. The metal rod slid freely in the swivel keeper and could be placed in the bore without danger of being dropped or lost. A charge of powder was poured from the horn into the measure, then into the bore. A round lead ball was forced into the muzzle, encased in a patching cloth greased with something such as bear tallow. The patching was gathered up and trimmed off with a patch knife. Then the patched ball was seated upon the powder charge with the ramrod. A percussion cap was pushed on to the nipple under the hammer, and the arm was ready to fire.

It is doubtful that a mountain man ever thought this was too much trouble. It was a very advanced system at that time, far better than a flintlock.

With the pistol pictured, he had at his disposal a .65-caliber ball with perhaps 50 grains of powder — a load capable of putting down even a silvertip grizzly!

Kit Carson saved his life in a duel with just such a pistol, when he was scarcely more than a boy.

It happened at the annual rendezvous, where all the trappers met to sell their season's take of "plews" or dried beaver hides, buy new supplies, and then go on a massive bender to last them until the next year.

One huge French Canadian became very abusive. Towering over the diminutive Carson, it looked like a poorly matched fight, but he didn't figure on the sheer guts of this stripling. The Canadian grabbed his big rifle, mounted his horse and galloped to one end of the field. Kit seized a Hawken pistol, checked its priming, and rode to the other end.

In a hush you could cut with a knife, the two faced one another. Then they kicked their horses into a dead run.

As the larger man advanced, the heavy rifle crashed. The ball went through Kit's buckskins, grazing his side. Carson's pistol answered. The bully was lifted right out of the saddle by the tremendous impact of 400 grains of soft lead.

If the big trapper had time for a last thought, it was undoubtedly that he had picked on the wrong boy.

Kit Carson was a very small man, and a quiet one. But he never backed down from anyone in his life. In later years, he was a famed explorer and became a brigadier general.

He never outgrew his respect for the firearms of J&S Hawken.

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HESQUIAT TRAGEDY

(continued from page 23)

Consequently, for all of the emergency consultations held between Bishop Seghers, Superintendent of Indian Affairs Dr. I.W. Powell, and Lieutenant-Governor Joseph Trutch, no help was immediately forthcoming for the wounded Brabant.

In the same issue, the *Colonist* expressed dissatisfaction with the delay, explaining: "We furnish today all the details obtainable of the circumstances attending the shooting of Rev. Father Brabant at Barclay Sound. The information gathered here from the disconnected and somewhat incoherent letters (written while he was writhing in pain and apparently dying) of the revered gentleman, and the statement of the Indian messengers, is meagre; but enough is told to satisfy everyone that the life of a devoted Christian missionary is in great danger, and may be sacrificed if relief be not at once dispatched.

"There will be but one expression — and that of deep regret — wherever our paper is read today at the intelligence. Cut off from communication with the outer world for several months in the year, Father Brabant has devoted himself to his sacred calling with a spirit of self-sacrifice and zeal worthy of emulation. Under any circumstances death by violence is a shocking thing; but it is rendered trebly shocking when the victim is a missionary in performing a sacred office among savages ... Father Brabant when he fell by the assassin's hand was endeavoring to bring about a good understanding between two tribes, and the chief by whose hand he fell was the one from whom the fatal blow was least expected — the assassin holding a medal from the Canadian government ..."

The *Colonist* and, quite likely, many of its readers were less than happy with the halting steps to meet the emergency which had been announced by the authorities, the newspaper suggesting that Ottawa be telegraphed for permission to dispatch the *Sir James Douglas* to Hesquiat. In the meantime, a delegation headed by Rev. Father Kirley, P. McTiernan and T. Burnes met with Lieut.-Gov. Trutch and members of the legislative assembly, to be informed that the government had no intention of ordering a gunboat, "or any boat," to Barkley Sound. When McTiernan testily asked if the government were willing to share the expenses of chartering a private steamer, the answer was in the affirmative, with the result that the tug *Isabel* was formally chartered for the run to Hesquiat.

It was then announced that the tug would sail from Esquimalt with Bishop Seghers, Dr. W.W. Walkem and Supt. of Police Todd, the instant the latter returned to Esquimalt. Then it was revealed that the government, which had been reluctant for reasons unknown to become involved in the tragedy, had relented and dispatched HMS *Rocket* to the Island's west coast. Clearing Esquimalt at dawn, Nov. 7, the gunboat sailed for Hesquiat with Bishop Seghers, Dr. Walkem, Father Kirley and Supt. Todd, some 36 hours after Father Brabant's blood-stained letters had reached Victoria. Retorted the *Colonist:* "It is to be hoped that the aid thus tardily rendered may yet be in time."

The newspaper then proceeded to publish excerpts from Brabant's "diary," which apparently had also been delivered to Victoria by the Hesquiat messengers. Although referred to as his diary, the notes actually were in letter form and addressed to Bishop Seghers. The first entry, dated October 14, some three weeks earlier, reported that 15 Mouetstat Indians had died of smallpox, the resulting "immense excitement" in Hesquiat prompting the priest to "write things down as they occur."

The previous day, he reported, the Hesquiat villagers had been alarmed at rumors that the inflicted Mouetstats would descend upon their village as an act of revenge, apparently blaming them for the fact that the disease had erupted in the Mouetstat camp. "Speeches about self-defense, about preventing the disease from coming around, are made from morning till night," penned the missionary. "Fright and consternation is general. Towards evening firing of guns in the direction of the lake. Girls and boys uttering wails and shrieks."

The following day, Brabant had faced a crisis when an Indian named Tom tried to return to the village with his wife and child; the villagers, almost blind with fear, warned him not to land. Despite the threats of violence, Tom's father had persuaded the late comers to come ashore when Brabant vaccinated each, and a "doctor-woman."

That evening, he recorded, the frightened family had taken shelter in a house, amid "immense excitement and noise. Some Indians are in the bush, howling and growling. Superstitious prayers."

On Friday, October 16, Brabant had determined to visit each house in an attempt to calm the villagers. Upon being informed that Matlahaw's wife had died, he instructed the villagers to abandon the chieftain's long house, to clean their own homes, and to put on fresh clothing, upon which he had vaccinated them all.

"October 17 — All at church. After mass three cases of smallpox. I baptize Charley's ... mother and aunt. Touchingly good dispositions of both dying Christians."

By the following day, both were dead; Brabant dug their graves with the help of two Cape Flattery Indians named Dick and Tsoquiet, no others being willing to help. Earlier, there had been a scene at his house, none wanting to assist him. "The Indians stand at a distance, pale with fear and chewing tobacco. Cape Flattery man enters with me. Roll Charley's father in two red blankets and his sister is covered with two black ones. I carry out both with a Cape Flattery man and Charley's father-in-law; we lay them in a canoe. The canoe is pulled by all the men (each struggling to be farthest distant). The rain falls in showers. Leave the canoe under a big tree and cover it with two large cedar boards. R.I.P."

Happily, however, the epidemic appeared to have peaked, only one villager, Matlahaw's sister, remaining ill, and she was reported to be recovering.

But within 24 hours she was dead, and there was further excitement among the survivors. As before, only two volunteers were forthcoming to assist the priest in interring the woman. Worse, Brabant had detected another victim, named Peter, and had ordered him to be isolated in a small hut on the village's outskirts.

For all of Brabant's vaccinations, the Hesquiats had virtually no defense against the scourge; the priest outlined the swiftness and ruthlessness with which the disease ravaged an entire village, striking down man, woman and child: "Origin of sickness, Charley's mother a doctor, does the medicine on a Mouetstat Indian woman. Gives the sickness to her husband who dies. The chief's sister does the medicine

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on Charley's mother, who also dies. The chief's wife lives with the chief's sister who has the small-pox, dies also. Charley's father is taken care of by his sister; she is found dead with him the same morning."

And so it went, Brabant time and time again having to drag away the dead, using the canoe as a sled to haul the victims over the sands and into the trees.

Then, by October 22, the epidemic had done its worst, the last victim, Peter, being reported as recovering...

Six days after HMS *Rocket* cleared Esquimalt Harbor, northward bound, anxious Victorians received new word of the Hesquiat tragedy. After having been delayed by a stiff headwind and fog, the gunboat, Capt. Harris commanding, reached its destination the following evening. Immediately a small boat headed for shore, carrying Bishop Seghers, Supt. Todd, Dr. Walkem, three heavily armed marines, and Charley, the loyal subchief who had brought word of Brabant's condition to Victoria. Upon landing, all had rushed to the patient's house where they found him "on a bed alive, and with his arm extended over the side, and a piece of lint soaked in cold water lying over the hand."

Dr. Walkem's cursory examination showed that Brabant — remarkably — was fit for travel, at least as far as the gunboat, which afforded better facilities. The next morning, upon his being carried to the water's edge, a large crowd of villagers gathered to express their regret for the affair and to ask when he would return.

Once aboard the *Rocket,* Dr. Walkem completed a thorough examination, discovering 20 punctures in the priest's back, and 12 in his hand which he reported as being "in a sloughing state and pretty badly injured," both wounds being infected. Surprisingly, the back injuries were not as serious, it being feared that Walkem would have to amputate Brabant's hand.

Since the gunboat's arrival, and after a "full dose of medicine" — from a bottle of port — Brabant had remained conscious and able to converse freely with his rescuers. Thus he had been able to recount the events leading up to Matlahaw's treachery. For some time the chieftain had been a regular sight in Victoria, Matlahaw having, for several weeks prior to the fatal outbreak of smallpox at Hesquiat, made himself comfortable daily before the post office there, resplendent in his "Dominion Militia uniform, wearing a silver medal on his breast and a cap with a glazed peak and red band around it, and the Canadian Beaver in the front (part of his reward for having aided in the rescue of the American bark *Edwin's* shipwrecked company)."

Upon his return to Hesquiat, with his friend Charley (Brabant's faithful messenger), Matlahaw had developed a morbid fear of the evil disease (having already lost his wife and daughter, and aware that Brabant's vaccination had not had its expected effect upon him), and convinced that the priest possessed holy powers which would protect those about him from infection, he had taken to sleeping in the mission house with his father, Charley, and an old chieftain named Omak. For several nights he and the others followed this routine without incident, although strangely — or so it had seemed to Brabant at the time — Charley had asked to be allowed to sleep upstairs rather than with the others. Then on the eve of the shooting, Matlahaw's father had slipped away during the night, not being missed until morning.

With morning, Matlahaw had asked to borrow Brabant's shotgun, saying that he was going to shoot the bluejays which had been ravaging the priest's potato patch. Suspecting nothing, Brabant had complied, handing the chief his unloaded weapon (for which he had no birdshot). With this, Matlahaw had departed for his own lodge to load the weapon as Brabant completed his breakfast, held service, visited a sick woman, then started back towards his mission. At this point, he encountered Charley, the latter wearing a glum expression and warning: "Take care, sir, Matlahaw is sick, and he is afraid he will die."

Charley also had been depressed, and afraid of dying of smallpox, Brabant recounted, and after attempting to cheer him up, he had decided to call upon Matlahaw. Upon entering the chieftain's lodge, he found the man sitting despondently in the twilight. Asked how he felt, Matlahaw had replied either (Brabant wasn't sure of the translation) "I am dying," or "You die," at the same time kneading the slackened flesh of his leg and throat to show that he was not well. The chieftain wore "a peculiar, ghastly grin upon his features," said Brabant, and without warning he grabbed up the shotgun and fired.

Instinctively, Brabant turned his head away from the muzzle, the shot tearing into his raised hand at pointblank range. Stunned by the sudden, searing pain, the priest stumbled outside to a nearby stream, where, thinking the attack to have been an accident, he began to wash his injured hand.

At this moment, Matlahaw charged out of the lodge to fire the second charge into Brabant's back. When the second shot slammed into him, the stooping priest forced himself to his feet and, reeling with shock, pain and loss of blood, stumbled toward the village centre. Within minutes his cries for help drew a large crowd when, "feeling himself getting faint, and as a film seemed to be gathering over his eyes, (he) knelt down, as he feared he was about to die, and prayed." This done, his parishioners helped him to his house, where he scrawled the brief messages to Archbishop Seghers and sent them to Victoria in Charley's care.

By this time, the anxious crowd surrounding his mission had turned into a lynch mob and was about to kill Matlahaw and all of his relatives when the injured missionary beseeched them to remain calm. Then had begun the long, agonizing wait for help, Brabant lying in his cot, shivering violently, his hand bathing in a pan of cold water as the hours, then days, ticked by ever so slowly. Although convinced he was dying, help finally came, and he had been removed to the *Rocket* which proceeded to Victoria. Because the priest had talked his followers out of punishing Matlahaw — even having dissuaded them from tying up the assassin — Supt. Todd's "bird had flown," and the officer could do no more than offer a reward of $100 and some provisions for the man's capture. Villagers reported that he either had escaped to the mountains, or that he was already dead, and with this Todd had to be satisfied.

With Brabant's arrival in Victoria and with the attention of Dr. Walkem, four colleagues, the Sisters of St. Ann (not to mention a minor miracle), his ulcerated hand was saved, and after five months' recuperation, he returned to Hesquiat to continue his career as missionary among the west coast Indians. A native of Courtray, West Flanders, and graduate of the acclaimed university of Louvain, Augustus Joseph Brabant had been ordained a priest in the Roman Catholic church in 1868, arriving in

(continued on page 53)

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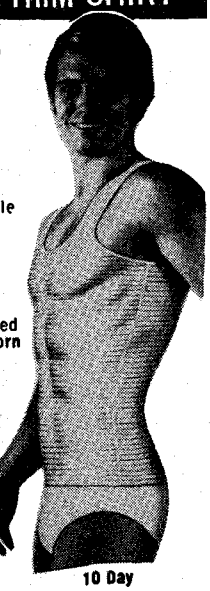

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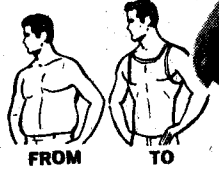

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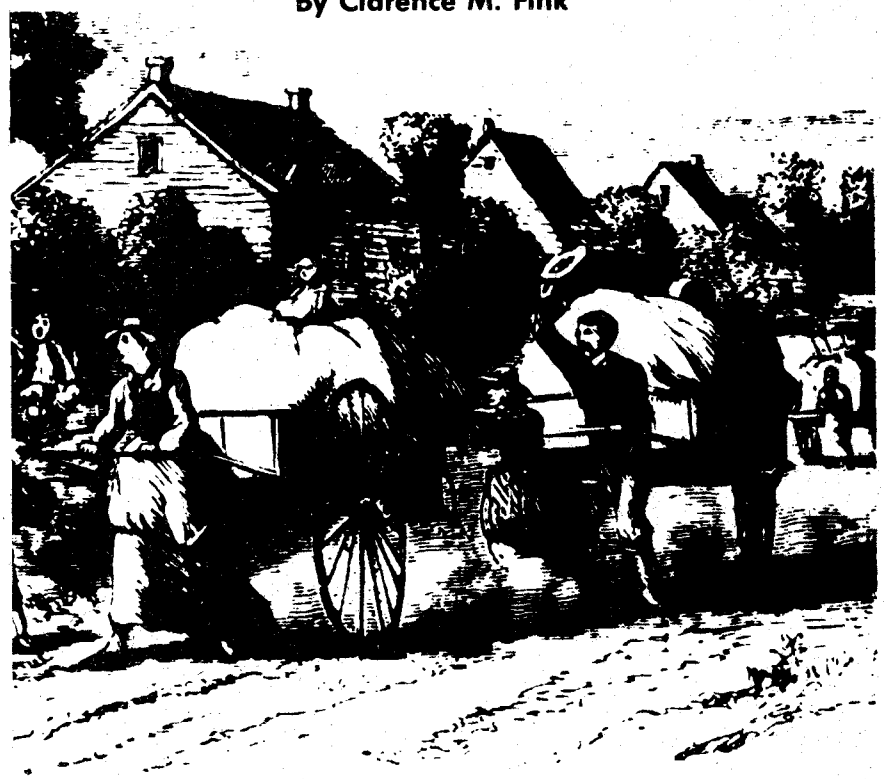
"When The Saints Went Pushcarting Through!"

By Clarence M. Fink



Necessity, which is the mother of invention, produced a new phenomenon on the plains in 1857. It bolstered the sagging spirits of the Mormon Church in Salt Lake City by inducing 3,000 hardy Saints (1857-1860) to migrate westward from their assembly point at Iowa City. They pushed and pulled cumbersome pushcarts loaded with piles of food supplies and household goods for hundreds of miles over rough trails.

At the time, the Latter-day Saints, who had run a gauntlet of crop reversals and ruinous attacks by grasshoppers, sent out a clear clarion call for help. In sort of a desperate appeal but with tongue in cheek, Brigham Young announced: "If it is once tried (pushcarting), you will find that it will become the favorite method of crossing the plains."

This somewhat foolhardy mission attracted only the hardiest and adventuresome of his Midwest flock whose trips were supported by the more wealthy of its church members. To see if it could be accomplished, five companies of cross-country trail blazers were formed to tackle the arduous journey with their two-wheeled conveyances.

Three units of the five left Iowa City at the ideal time of year. To the amazement of many non-Mormons they made a triumphant trek to Zion country (Utah) and were given a robust welcome by all the true believers at Salt Lake City. The remaining two companies who started later, however, ran into adversity, losing more than 190 trail casualties despite the prayerful and enthusiastic sendoff given them.

Some historians, who frowned upon and despised these Mormons for their practice of polygamy and religious beliefs, begrudgingly admitted that it took real courage for members to push these vehicles over the rough trails leading to the Promised Land. They faced Indians bent on destroying all the nervy palefaces who went their way through stampeding buffalo country.

Heat, rain, snow and cold were other factors that could not be taken lightly. But, these durable "pushcarters" provided an important and singular contribution to the history of western transportation. ● **RW**

REFERENCE SOURCE: *America's Western Frontiers,* by John A. Hawgood, New York, 1967.

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"NO TIP OF THE HAT, MA'AM!"

By Clarence M. Fink

It took courageous youngsters to pull off one of the greatest gambles in American history: the Pony Express. Hired to carry the mail across 1900 miles of wilderness from California to Missouri, these hired teen-age hellers helped to establish a rapid communication system between East and West. They made it possible for the Union to hold California and Oregon, thus winning the silver and gold bonanzas of Nevada and Colorado.

Joining the ranks of these self-reliant couriers in levis and red shirts (at the tender age of fifteen) was William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill of later fame) who not only braved the dangers of a pioneer frontier, but as the youngest rider of over 400 Pony Expressmen, he went the farthest of them all and set a record of 322 miles in his nonstop ride. This was a magnificent effort on his part, avoiding horse-treacherous badger holes, Indians, and rattlesnakes on dusty trails.

About the same time, another recruit named Nick Wilson joined the riding crew. A runaway from his Mormon home, this teenage rider lived with the family of the great Shoshone chief, Washakie, and learned their language. This accomplishment saved his life on a few occasions. Being able to converse fluently with the Indians when the odds were against him, he talked his way out of trouble.

One late afternoon Nick drove a bunch of horses to Antelope Station, which constantly required new mounts. On his arrival, the two hostlers there were playing cards on the woodpiles and invited him to stay for dinner. As most remount stations were about 25 miles apart, he was a welcomed guest, a third party to help alleviate their loneliness. While they were eating, the trio saw a half-dozen painted Indians sweep into their compound, gather up the newly delivered stallions and race away westward.

With typical Pony-Express swiftness the young riders took after the red men and galloped swiftly into a grove of cedars. Here Nick received a flint-tipped arrow through his head. His companions tried to remove it but accidentally broke off the shaft. Thinking him dead or dying and being confronted with more Indians, they rolled him under a low tree and lit out for the next station to safety.

The next morning, they returned with help to bury Wilson but found he was still breathing. They carried him to Cedar Wells where a doctor delicately removed the arrowhead. After eighteen days of unconsciousness, Nick survived the wound which left an ugly, jagged, and prominent scar (on his head), but he became well enough to continue riding and delivering the mail. Extremely sensitive concerning this occupational disfigurement, he took great pains to conceal it.

For the rest of his life Nick Wilson refused to remove his hat for any reason whatsoever, whether meeting women, at his meals, funerals, or even during prayer in church. A lift of his lid was a taboo of his which he strictly enforced. ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCE:
Hoofbeats in History, by James Jefferies, Flint, Michigan, 1928.

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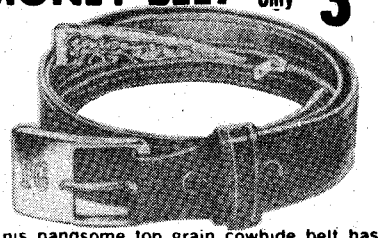

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THE EDITOR'S CORRAL

I SEE BY YESTERDAY'S NEWSPAPERS

FRANK JAMES DEATHLY ILL

Frank James, the notorious Missouri highwayman, is dangerously ill, and is not likely to recover.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
January 19, 1884

(Frank recovered and lived on until 1915. See article in this issue of REAL WEST.)

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S 17TH WIFE DIES

Mary V. Young, seventeenth wife of the late Prophet Brigham Young, died at Salt Lake City on the 5th instant, in the fortieth year of her age. Sixteen mourning widows still survive the Prophet, fourteen of whom live in Salt Lake.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
January 19, 1884

"CIVILIZATION" STRIKES INDIAN SQUAWS

"Civilization, on her luminous wings, soars in the direction of Reno, Nevada," says the Scaramento Bee. "The squaws in the vicinity have taken to using face-powder."

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
February 2, 1884

SIOUX RESERVATION TO BE OPENED TO SETTLEMENT

It is thought that the great Sioux Indian reservation of 33,000 square miles will soon be thrown open to settlement.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
February 16, 1884

CLERGYMEN TRAVEL ARMED

The Cleburne (Texas) Chronicle says: "Preachers and priests, when they travel these parts generally carry a Bible, but we know of one who carries a six shooter.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
February 16, 1884

REPORT OF MASSACRE IN COLORADO

The massacre of several white people by Navajo Indians in Southern Colorado is reported, but apparently on insufficient authority.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
May 3, 1884

PRINCESS WINNEMUCCA APPEARS BEFORE CONGRESS

Princess Winnemucca, of the Paiute tribe of Indians, last week appeared before a sub-Committee on Indian Affairs pleading for the setting apart of a reservation for her tribe. She was accompanied by a delegation of ladies and gentlemen from Baltimore. The Indian woman spoke in good English, emphasizing her remarks with graceful gestures. As she depicted the griefs of her people she was frequently moved to tears. She said her tribe was scattered; that they had been driven from place to place. "Two Winters ago," she continued, "while being driven from one point, old men and children were frozen to death." She also said that Indian Agents had deprived the tribe of stores provided for them by the Government.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
May 3, 1884

CASE AGAINST FRANK JAMES DISMISSED

In the criminal court at Kansas City, all the indictments found in the State courts of Missouri against the bandit Frank James were dismissed. James was immediately taken into the Federal Court and charged with robbing the United States paymaster at Mussel Shoals, Alabama. Judge Krekel refused to admit the accused to bail, and advised that he be taken to the scene of his crime for trial.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
February 23, 1884

WIRE FENCE CONTROVERSY IN NEBRASKA

The wire-fence controversy in Nebraska is the antithesis of that in Texas. In Nebraska it is a ranch company which has fenced in, as it is alleged, 52,000 acres of grazing land belonging to the public domain, and the United States District Attorney has begun suit for the removal of the fence, averring that settlers have been prevented from taking up the land.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
February 23, 1884

NEZ PERCE WIN RELIEF

The United States Senate has passed the Bill for the relief of the Nez Perce Indians in Idaho, and of the allied tribes residing upon the Ronde Indian reservation. This bill gives to the members of the tribes named lands in severalty.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
June 14, 1884

LEPERS IN SAN FRANCISCO

The cry of "leprosy" again comes from San Francisco. The Report says that twenty-two Asiatic lepers have been gathered together in one of the city hospitals, and forty-eight lepers have been shipped to China, and that still there has been no thorough search for lepers in the community. The same journal asserts that there are in the city hundreds of lepers making shirts, rolling cigars and cooking food for Caucasians.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
June 7, 1884

WOMEN TREATED WELL IN ALTURAS, CALIFORNIA

A young woman of California, who had been visiting at Alturas, Modoc County, reported on her return the extreme generosity of the people of that place. During her short stay among them there had been pressed upon her acceptance a half interest in a sawmill, a barber-shop, a printing-office, a horse, and a livery stable, respectively, to say nothing of the offer of two or three saloons, ranches and bands of cattle. But young ladies are rare birds in Modoc County, and this fact accounts for the unusual liberality that was shown towards her.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
June 21, 1884 ●RW

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MAIL ROUNDUP

(continued from page 6)

KILLING BUFFALO

RW,

In your "Mail Roundup" in your Oct. 1974 issue one man states that 120 kills in an hour is 2 kills a second. Well, the person who wrote this either: A) doesn't know there are 60 minutes in an hour, 60 seconds in a minute, thus, 3,600 seconds in an hour; B) doesn't know how to divide; C) made an honest mistake: D) all of the above.

Actually, that is two kills a *minute* or one kill every 30 seconds. Not really that amazing considering what the old-time buffalo herds were like.

Thomas Rowley
5008 McKenna Road
Monona, Wi. 53716

In his "Buffalo Book", David A. Dary quotes an old record to the effect that Tom Nixon killed 120 buffalo in 40 minutes. That's one every 20 seconds.

JOSIAH WILBARGER

Dear Sirs:

I first read your story of Josiah Wilbarger in the September, 1965 issue of *Real West* soon after it came out, and I have been meaning to write to you ever since. The story of Josiah Wilbarger was first told to me years before by my grandmother, Lena Clifton Evans. Your account agrees in every detail with hers, except she added the detail that his death came after he hit his head on the low rafter of a smokehouse. I should say in every essential, because you have supplied many details of which she was unaware.

My grandmother's father was Margaret Clifton's son, also named Josiah. According to family oral tradition, Josiah Clifton was brought to Texas as a small child by his uncle, Josiah Wilbarger. I have no knowledge of why his mother remained in St. Louis or why she gave her son into the care of her brother. By searching census records, I have ascertained that Josiah Clifton was born in Kentucky in 1825. I've not been able to determine in which county, or his father's name. I know nothing more of Margaret Wilbarger Clifton.

Should you be able to give me any more information about the Clifton and Wilbarger families, I would be very grateful. Thank you, and I hope I shall be hearing from you.

Yours truly,
Robert F. Evans
3720 Greenwood Road
Shreveport, Louisiana 71109

WANTS MORE MOVIE HALL OF FAME

Dear Editor:

Thank you for the Hall of Fame Western Movie Cowboys. Please keep this up. Give us Tex Ritter, Buck Jones, Johnny Mack Brown, Bob Steele and others.

Thank you,
Dean Dillard
Box 1665
North Wilkesboro, N. C. 28659

Check back issues of REAL WEST and you will find all of the above featured.

JESSE JAMES GENEOLOGY

Dear Editor:

In reading the Dec. '74 issue of REAL WEST I, of course, at once noted the letter from James La Bella, who questioned the fact that Jesse James was Zerelda Mims' (later his wife) first cousin. Not only that, Jesse and Zee were double first cousins.

The first child of John and Polly (Poor) James was Mary James, born Sept. 28, 1809, and married her double first cousin, John W. Mimms (or Mims), when Mary was eighteen and about the time of the death of her parents. In time John and Mary had twelve children, six of whom reached maturity. Among these was Zerelda Amanda Mimms, who later married Jesse James.

Yes, Mr. LaBella is correct ... one of these twelve children was Robert Sallee James, father of Jesse and Frank James, and the brother of Zerelda A. Mimms' mother, Mary James.

Rev. William James married his nephew Jesse James to his niece, Zerelda A. Mimms. Quite complex.

The complicated kinship of Jesse James and Zerelda Mimms requires intricate tracing to understand. Here is a note on that relationship:

Robert Mimms married Lucy Poor, and they were the parents of John W. Mimms.

Robert Poor married Elizabeth Mimms, and they were the parents of Mary (Polly) Poor.

Mary Poor married John James, they being the parents of Robert Sallee James and Mary James.

Robert Sallee James and his wife Zerelda E. Cole were the parents of Jesse W. James.

John W. Mimms married Mary James and they were the parents of Zerelda Amanda Mimms.

Jesse James married Zerelda Amanda Mimms.

It is a Herculean task to have traced this history back to 1619; I hope this explanation will clear the matter for Mr. LaBella and I appreciate his kind interest.

Sincerely
Carl W. Breihan
4939 Mattis Road
St. Louis, Mo. 63128 ●RW

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BUFFALO BILL

(continued from page 43)

chase. The Indians were about half a mile away, but with a double load "Powder Face" began to tire. The distance lessened and the Indian riding in back began to shoot at Cody with a pistol. Fearing that he would injure or kill "Powder Face", Bill hesitated to shoot until he was close enough to take good aim.

As the Indians were about to go out of sight over a mound, Cody fired. The result was that the bullet passed through the Indians, killing them both. He soon caught "Powder Face" and returned to the troopers who were in high spirits, having defeated the Indians and found a lot of dried buffalo and deer meat which they were eating hungrily. A detail buried the dead Indians and the stock was rounded up.

The Lieutenant and his men were complimented by special order, and shortly afterward Bill Cody was given the distinction fo receiving the Medal of Honor. ●**RW**

CHIEF CHARLOT

(continued from page 17)

to him. They expedited the disobedience of a remnant of the tribe following Arlee to the reservation, a serious matter to the Flatheads.

More gravely, they were openly unappreciative of the splendid record of cooperation and amity of the Flatheads in the past to the white man. As an example, when Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce was on the warpath and came into Montana, Chief Charlot refused his hand of friendship because the blood of the white man was on it.

This occurred in spite of the fact that the Flatheads and the Nez Perce were kinsmen. At that time Charlot told Joseph that, in spite of their kinship, if the Nez Perce killed a single white man or damaged any white property, the Flatheads would attack them. For this he was superseded, ignored and impoverished.

In the early 1880's, Senator Vest and some commissioners came into Montana to investigate the state of the Indians. At a meeting with

(continued on page 57)

MARK TWAIN

(continued from page 19)

and plastering. N.B. — Stand from under.

"Oct. 26. — Considerable phenomenal atmospheric foolishness. About this time expect more earthquakes, but do not look out for them, on account of the bricks.

"Oct. 27. — Universal despondency, indicative of approaching disaster. Abstain from smiling, or indulgence in humorous conversation, or exasperating jokes.

"Oct. 28. — Misery, dismal forebodings and despair. Beware of all light discourse — a joke uttered at this time would produce a popular outbreak.

"Oct. 29. — Beware!

"Oct. 30. — Keep dark!

"Nov. 1. — Terrific earthquake. This is the great earthquake month. More stars fall and more worlds are slathered around carelessly and destroyed in November than in any other month of the twelve.

"Nov. 2. — Spasmodic but exhilarating earthquakes, accompanied by occasional showers of rain, and churches and things.

"Nov. 3. — Make your will.

"Nov. 4. — Sell out.

"Nov. 5. — Select your 'last words.' Those of John Quincy Adams will do, with the addition of a syllable, thus: 'This is the last of the earth quakes.'

"Nov. 6. — Prepare to shed this mortal coil.

"Nov. 7. — Shed.

"Nov. 8. — The sun will rise as usual, perhaps; but if he does he will doubtless be staggered some to find nothing but a large round hole eight thousand miles in diameter in the place where he saw this world serenely spinning the day before.

These were some of Mark Twain's favorite stories. Now here is his *un*favorite, the story of Horace Greeley and Hank Monk:

"I can tell you a most laughable thing indeed, if you would like to listen to it. Horace Greeley went over this road once. When he was leaving Carson City he told the driver, Hank Monk, that he had an engagement to lecture at Placerville and was very anxious to go through quick. Hank Monk cracked his whip and started off at an awful pace. The coach bounced up and down in such a ter-

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rific way that it jolted the buttons all off of Horace's coat, and finally shot his head clean through the roof of the stage, and then he yelled at Hank Monk and begged him to go easier — said he warn't in as much of a hurry as he was a while ago. But Hank Monk said, 'Keep your seat, Horace, and I'll get you there on time' — and you bet you he did, too, what was left of him!"

Mark Twain swore that he heard that story from every traveler he saw:

"... no passenger or driver on the Overland ever corked that anecdote in, when a stranger was by, and survived. Within a period of six years I crossed and recrossed the Sierras between Nevada and California thirteen times by stage and listened to that deathless incident four hundred and eighty-one or eighty-two times."

Of course, somewhere along the line, Mark Twain would have to come up with a story about a buffalo hunt, and it is a classic. It begins with a stagecoach passenger trying to explain away being chased across the prairie by a wounded buffalo, and ending up in a tree. He claims that his horse threw both him and his saddle up into the branches. According to the unfortunate victim, named Bemis, the bull started to climb the tree after him. His listeners are having a hard time swallowing that one:

" 'But a bull can't climb a tree.'

" 'He can't, can't he? Since you know so much about it, did you ever see a bull try?'

" 'No! I never dreamt of such a thing.'

" 'Well, then, what is the use of your talking that way, then? Because you never saw a thing done is that any reason why it can't be done?'

" 'Well, all right — go on. What did you do?'

" 'The bull started up, and got along well for about ten feet, then slipped and slid back. I breathed easier. He tried it again — got up a little higher and higher, and my spirits went down more and more. Up he came — an inch at a time — with his eyes hot, and his tongue hanging out.

Higher and higher and higher — hitched his foot over the stump of a limb, and looked up, as much as to say, 'You are my meat, friend.' Up again — higher and higher, and getting more excited the closer he got. He was within ten feet of me! I took a long breath — and then said I, 'It is now or never.' I had the coil of the lariat all ready; I paid it out slowly, till it hung right over his head; all of a sudden I let go of the slack, and the slip noose fell fairly round his neck!

Quicker than lightning I out with the Allen and let him have it in the face. It wan an awful roar, and must have scared the bull out of his senses. When the smoke cleared away, there he was, dangling in the air, twenty foot from the ground, and going out of one convulsion into another faster than you could count! I didn't stop to count, anyhow — I shinned down the tree and shot for home.'

" 'Bemis, is all that true, just as you have stated it?'

" 'I wish I may rot in my tracks and die the death of a dog if it isn't.'

" 'Well, we can't refuse to believe it, and we don't. But if there were some proofs —'

" 'Proofs! Did I bring back my lariat?'

" 'No.'

" 'Did I brink back my horse?'

" 'No.'

" 'Did you ever see the bull again?'

" 'No.'

" 'Well, then, what more do you want? I never saw anybody as particular as you are about a little thing like that."

Are these great stories true? Who knows? Mark Twain was notorious for making up original tales and embellishing true ones, so it's not likely that they ever happened just the way he told them. No doubt they were drawn from the experiences and observations of his western wanderings. But thanks to his sparkling wit, they are just as much fun today as they were more than a hundred years ago, when a certain unemployed Mississippi riverboat pilot traveled west on a vacation. ●RW

HESQUIAT TRAGEDY

(continued from page 47)

British Columbia the following year. After five years with the Victoria diocese, he had volunteered to establish the Hesquiat mission, where he remained for an amazing 33 years when, in 1908, Archbishop Orth of the see of Victoria appointed him Apostolic Administrator of the diocese.

In 1912 Hesquiat's grand old missionary passed away at the age of 67. ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

—Victoria Daily Colonist;
—Reminiscences of the West Coast of Vancouver Island, by Rev. Chas. Moser, O.S.B.

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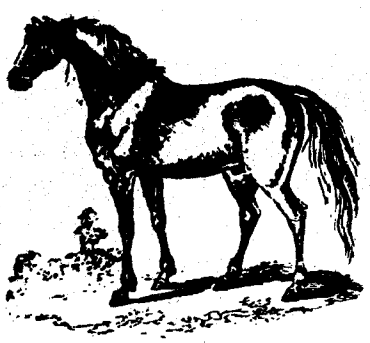
ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Conducted by Thomas A. Frazier

We haven't had too many questions about flatboats, but enough, we think, to justify a paragraph. In the early West, flatboats were the standard vehicles for river travelers. They originated in the Ohio River Valley. They varied greatly in size, each one being built to the individual needs of the purchaser. Several factors entered into the design, such as the nature of the body of water to be navigated, ability to withstand Indian attacks, and the intended length of the trip. The craft was seldom less than 20 feet long and 10 feet wide, and some were built 60 feet long and 20 feet wide.

The hull was usually of square timbers of hardwood and would draw from 1 to 2½ feet of water. On top of the hull were set upright timbers 4 feet high and about 5 inches thick, enclosed like a house with planking. A completed boat had a roof, one or two windows in the cabin, and a trap door in the roof. There was no propulsion, of course, the vessel moving at the whim of the current. A sweep as long as the boat itself was provided.

Q. Where can one see Comanche, the survivor of Little Big Horn? G. Russell, Lancashire, England.
A. Comanche was the property of Captain Miles Keough, who perished at the Little Big Horn. The horse was found, wounded and wandering, around the area of the battle. When he died, he was stuffed and mounted and is probably still on display at the University of Kansas. Some authorities say that there was one other survivor, a dog named Rusty.



Q. How many men did the outlaw Butch Cassidy kill? V. Meanes, Jackson, Miss.
A. There is no record that he killed any. His real name was George Leroy Parker. He assumed the name of Cassidy after a man he admired, and acquired the nickname "Butch" because for a time he worked in a butcher shop in Rock Springs, Wyoming.

Q. What number of men on both sides were killed in the Battle of the Alamo? L. Rogers, Iowa City, Iowa.
A. History records 1,600 Mexicans and 187 Americans killed.

Q. I was shocked to read that Mexico at one time offered bounties for Indian scalps. Is this true? P. Almeida, Carlsbad, New Mexico.
A. Sad but true. In the 1850's, the Mexican states of Chihuahua and Sonora were greatly troubled by Indian raids, so they offered bounties for the scalps of the raiders. The rates were high and tempting, so many men went into the scalping business. Payments were $250 for a live warrior, $200 for his scalp, $150 for a live squaw or child, and $100 for the scalp of a woman or child. Not only scores of Americans, but Mexicans, runaway slaves and even other Indian tribes worked at "backyard barbering", as they called it. Greedy and unscrupulous men soon discovered that the Government officials could not distinguish between the scalp of a friendly or unfriendly Indian; by a natural extension, they also found that the Government could not tell the difference between the scalp of an Indian and the scalp of a Mexican. Many massacres resulted.

Q. Everyone knows what General Sherman thought of Texas, but what did he say about Arizona? B. Manthorne, Glendale, Ariz.
A. In case some of our readers don't know Sherman's famous remark about Texas, we'll repeat it. He said that if he owned Texas and Hell, he'd rent out Texas and live in Hell. In regard to Arizona, crusty old Sherman said: "We fought one war with Mexico to acquire it, and we ought to fight another war to make them take it back." The Southwest was apparently not one of his favorite spots.

Q. When did Wovoka die? C. Geary, Athens, Ga.
A. Wovoka, the Indian apostle of the Ghost Dance, died in 1932 when he was almost 80 years old.

Q. What is the story on those camels the Government bought for use in the West? H. Pennachi, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.
A. In 1857, on the recommendation of Secretary of War Jefferson Davis, Congress appropriated $30,000 to purchase 75 Arabian camels for use primarily as mail carriers, which was a bad move. The camels (or their scent) panicked the horses and mules; their feet were too tender for our rocky wastelands, and the leather boots we shod them with made them too slow. When the Government shortly abandoned the project, most of the animals were sold to circuses. The balance wandered away to die lonely deaths in the wide open spaces. Stories were told of sighting them from time to time, then the stories died out, as did the camels.

Q. I read something about John Sutter which referred to him as "General." I never knew he was a military man. Was he? F. Cinq Mars, Rockford, Wisc.
A. He wasn't, really. Sutter, of Sutter's Mill fame (where gold was discovered) was made a general by the Mexican Governor, Micheltorena.

Q. What does the name "Geronimo" mean? Is it an Indian name? D. Kerr, Sioux Falls, So. Dakota.
A. "Geronimo" is Spanish for Jerome.

Q. Would you list the Indian names for the months of the year? J. Coxe, Missoula, Montana.
A. It would be too lengthy to list the names applied by various tribes (for there were some differences), so we will tell you how the Sioux listed their year:

January: Tree Popping Moon
February: Sore Eyes Moon
March: Moon When The Grain Comes Up
April: Moon Of The Birth Of Calves
May: Moon Of Strawberries
June: Moon Of The Ripe Juneberries
July: Cherry Ripening Moon
August: Moon Of The Ripe Plums
September: Moon Of The Yellow Leaves
October: Moon Of Falling Leaves
November: Moon Of The Hairless Calves
December: Moon Of Frost In The Tipi ●RW

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

(continued from page 35)

speeches of admonition in which the new member is told more about the Hare legend. There are also various types of songs, again divided into two groups: those which tell of the myth and those sung to accompany a definite action.

When speeches are finished, the medicine men give blessings then form a circle and put their medicine bags on the carpet in front of them. The medicine men commence to retch and make an effort to vomit; after some effort they would expel from their mouths a small white shell about the size of a bean. This was called the medicine stone. The medicine men claimed it had been carried in the stomach and was vomited up on these occasions. These were put into the medicine bag, then the medicine men went to the opposite end of the bower and faced those who were taking part in the ceremony.

They advanced in a line, holding their medicine bags in front of them. At first they danced slowly, uttering low gutteral sounds, but as they neared the candidates, their steps and voices increased in energy, until with a violent "Ough!" they thrust their medicine bags to the breasts of the candidates. The candidates fell prostrate on their faces, limbs extended, as if hit by a savage blow, their muscles rigid and quivering in every fibre. Blankets were thrown over them, and they remained this way for a few moments; when they showed signs of recovering from the shock, they were assisted to their feet and led forward. Medicine bags were placed in their hands and medicine stones in their mouths, and they were now members of the society. The new members in company with the old ones would now go around the bower in single file, hitting other members with their medicine bags. This was done for some time, then refreshments were brought into the bower and all stopped to feast. Dog flesh was the dish served on this occasion and was very important.

After hours of feasting, the dances began, with drum and rattles used for accompaniment. Members of the society are strict in their attendance at this feast, and nothing short of illness was an excuse if they had received the invitation stick. ●RW

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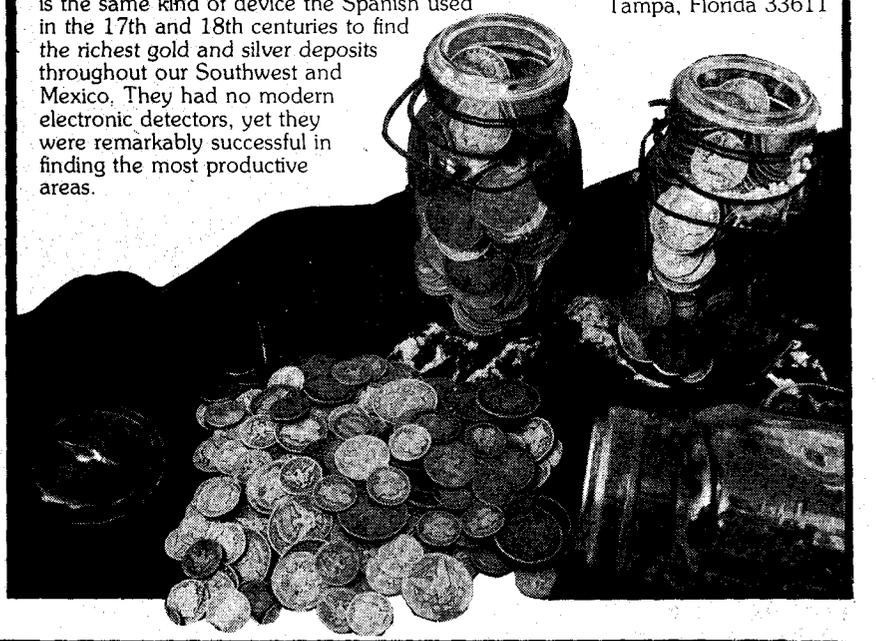

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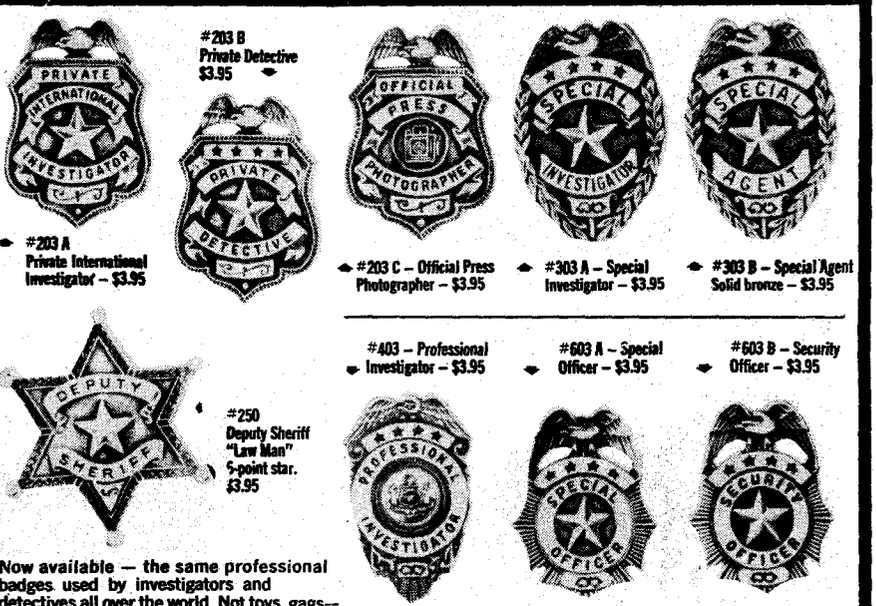

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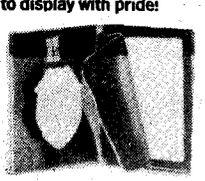

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FRANK JAMES

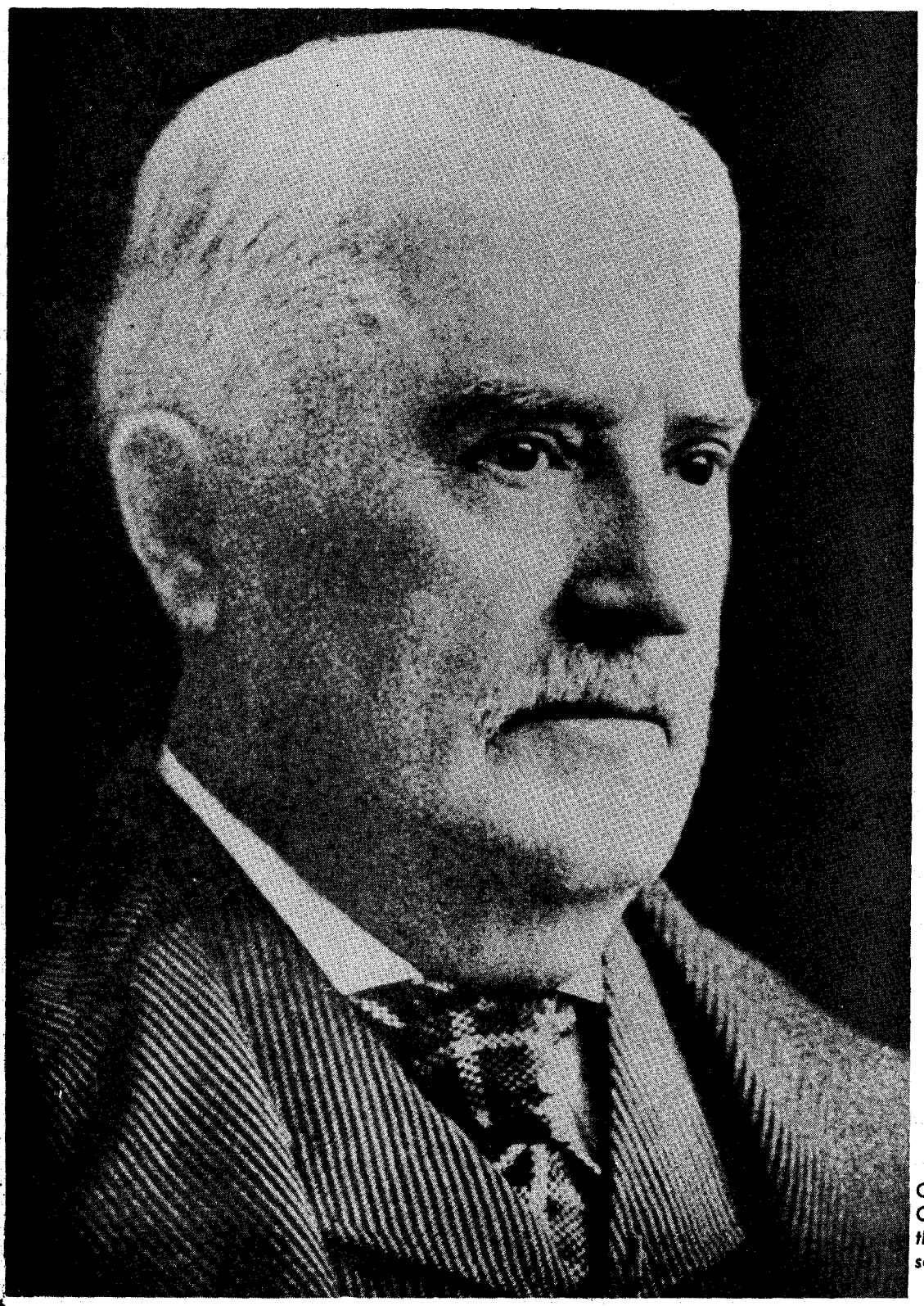
(continued from page 41)

four-hour speech the terrific gait at which it opened. He was reared and self-educated in the Jackson County region, and, being earnest and homely in his ways, carried his appearance but little suggestion of his rare power of oratory.

The jury in the case of Frank James was given the case at 12:30 on September 6th, and the court adjourned until 4:00 the same day.

Shortly before four o'clock the bailiffs in charge of the jury were notified that they were ready to submit a verdict, and when court reopened Judge Goodman was surprised by the information. The defendant was brought into court, his face pale and impassive as the day the trial began. He was attended by his wife who wore an expression of suffering that made it painful to look upon. The hall was not at all crowded, as few had expected a verdict so soon. The jurors filed in and took their seats, all of them keeping their faces fixed on the court. Judge Goodman put the usual question. After the roll had been called and the verdict was submitted to the judge, he read aloud:

(continued on page 58)



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Governor T.T. Crittenden took on the task to rid Missouri of the James Gang.

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CHIEF CHARLOT

(continued from page 52)

Charlot, his bitterness broke forth. He spoke of the forgery, which seemed heinous to him; of the fact that Arlee was drawing money rightfully belonging to the loyal Flatheads; and ended by saying passionately that he would never go to the reservation until the breath had left his nostrils for the last time. Remember, Charlot received none of the promised $5,000 or $50,000 mentioned in the treaty; Arlee did.

In the years that followed, Indian Agent Ronan, on his own responsibility, issued food to the needy Charlot loyalists and never ceased to present their case before the Commission on Indian Affairs, but no official action to ameliorate their plight was ever taken.

As the years passed, Chief Charlot (in his own threadbare clothing) averted his eyes from the poverty of his tribe. He closed his ears to the cries of hungry papooses. He felt particular bitterness when he verbally contrasted their former affluence with the present plight. The jail of the nearby settlement often housed drunken young Flathead braves.

In 1889 a severe drought hit the Valley; life was miserable, more miserable than ever before. The government took belated action. They proposed to purchase the Flatheads' land in the Valley and finance their removal to the Jocko Reservation. Charlot's assent seems to have been verbal and tentative, but plans went ahead anyway. On the assurance that they would be moved, the tribe planted no crops in the spring of 1890 and as a consequence of the usual government delay, nearly starved to death.

But they finally moved, Charlot's assent being secured not because he thought the white man, whom he had formerly loved, was right but because of a deeper and firmer love: the love for his people. In his statement he said that he would go, he and his people, because his young men were turning bad; they had no place to hunt. His women were hungry — for their sake he would go. He said, "I do not believe your promises; I want only enough ground for my grave."

His last years were spent in blindness and brooding, although he did take satisfaction in the improved condition of his tribe.

Charlot's story is but a microcosm of the larger Indian picture, or of any situation where a "superior" civilization encroaches upon that of a primitive. The primitive must give way, for there has never been a case in the history of the world where progress steps aside or sets aside a little world for the aborigine — except in places like Yellowstone in the United States or the reservations for animals in Africa.

But it does seem a shame that in the huge bumbling functioning of governmental bureaucracy and in the coldness of its operation, one official could not have exerted himself, as he would for a relative looking for a position, and shown a little warmth and sympathy for the type of Indian they were subconsciously looking for all the time. ●**RW**

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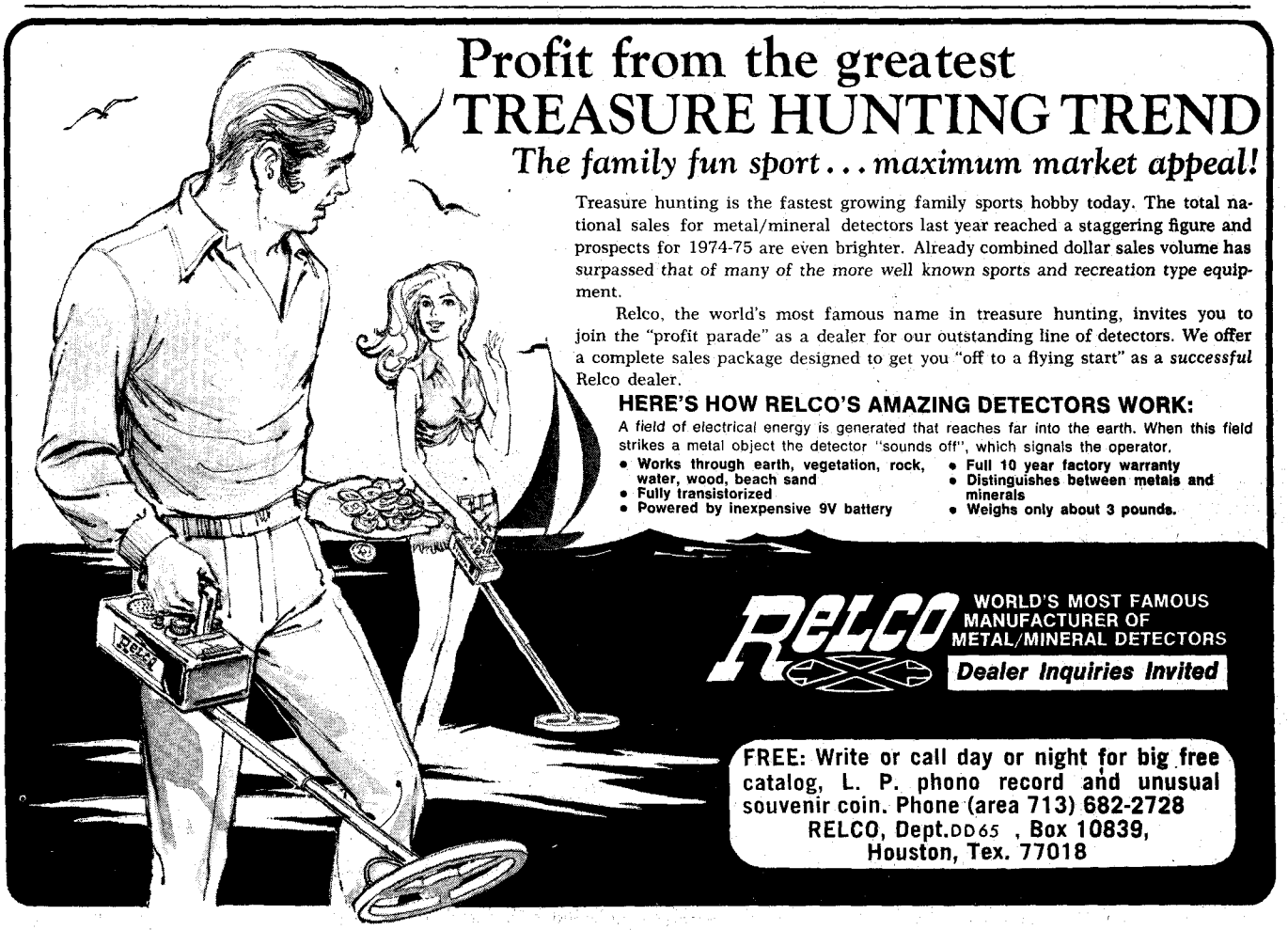
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FRANK JAMES

(continued from page 56)

"We, the jury, find the defendant not guilty, as charged in the indictment."

This announcement, signed by Jury Foreman William T. Richardson, was greeted with a roar of applause from Frank's friends and counsel; others just shook their heads in disbelief and amazement. The judge declared that the other two cases against Frank James would be carried over to the October term for lack of time to try.

There was also an indictment against Frank James in Alabama for alleged participation of the holdup of the government paymaster at Muscle Shoals. It was a waste of time. On April 18, 1884, Frank was acquitted of this charge in a trial held at Huntsville.

Why more trials and expense? Most people believed Frank had been subjected to enough anguish; by 1885 all official indictments against him were dropped, and the famous ex-robber became a full-fledged citizen and a free man.

Frank James spent his remaining years doing various jobs all over the country. He clerked as a shoe salesman in Nevada, Missouri, as well as in several Texas towns. He and his old friend, Cole Younger started a Wild West show which lasted only a short time. Sometimes Frank would act as race-track starter in St. Louis

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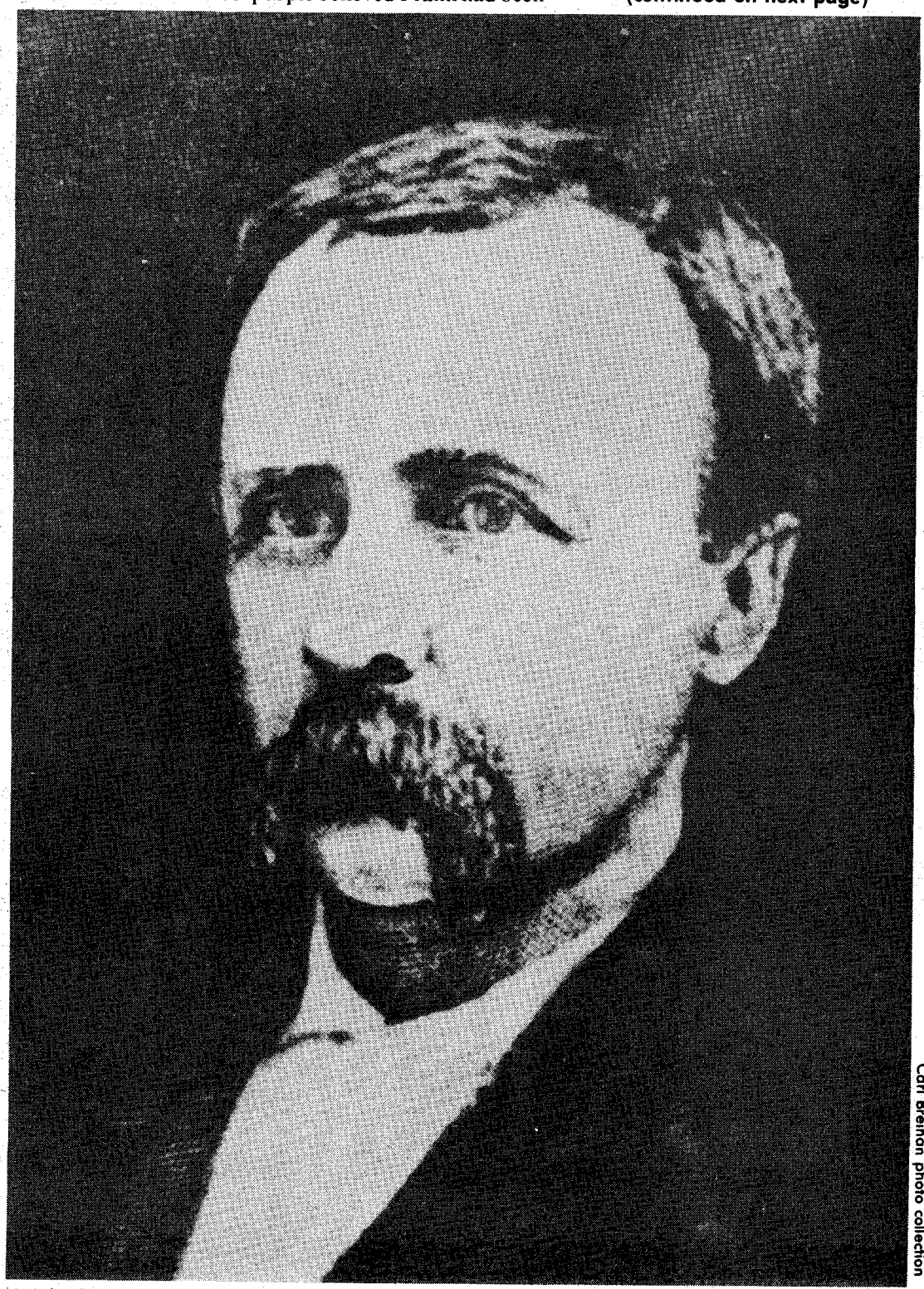

Major John Newman Edwards, the man who negotiated the surrender of Frank James.

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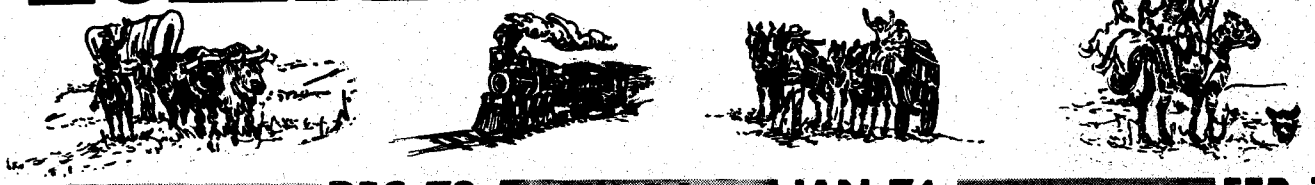

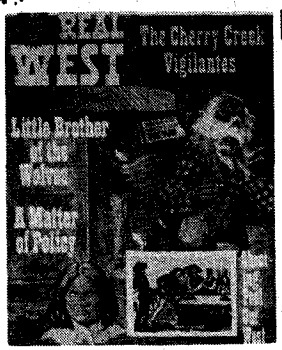

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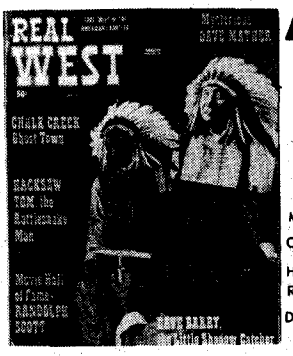

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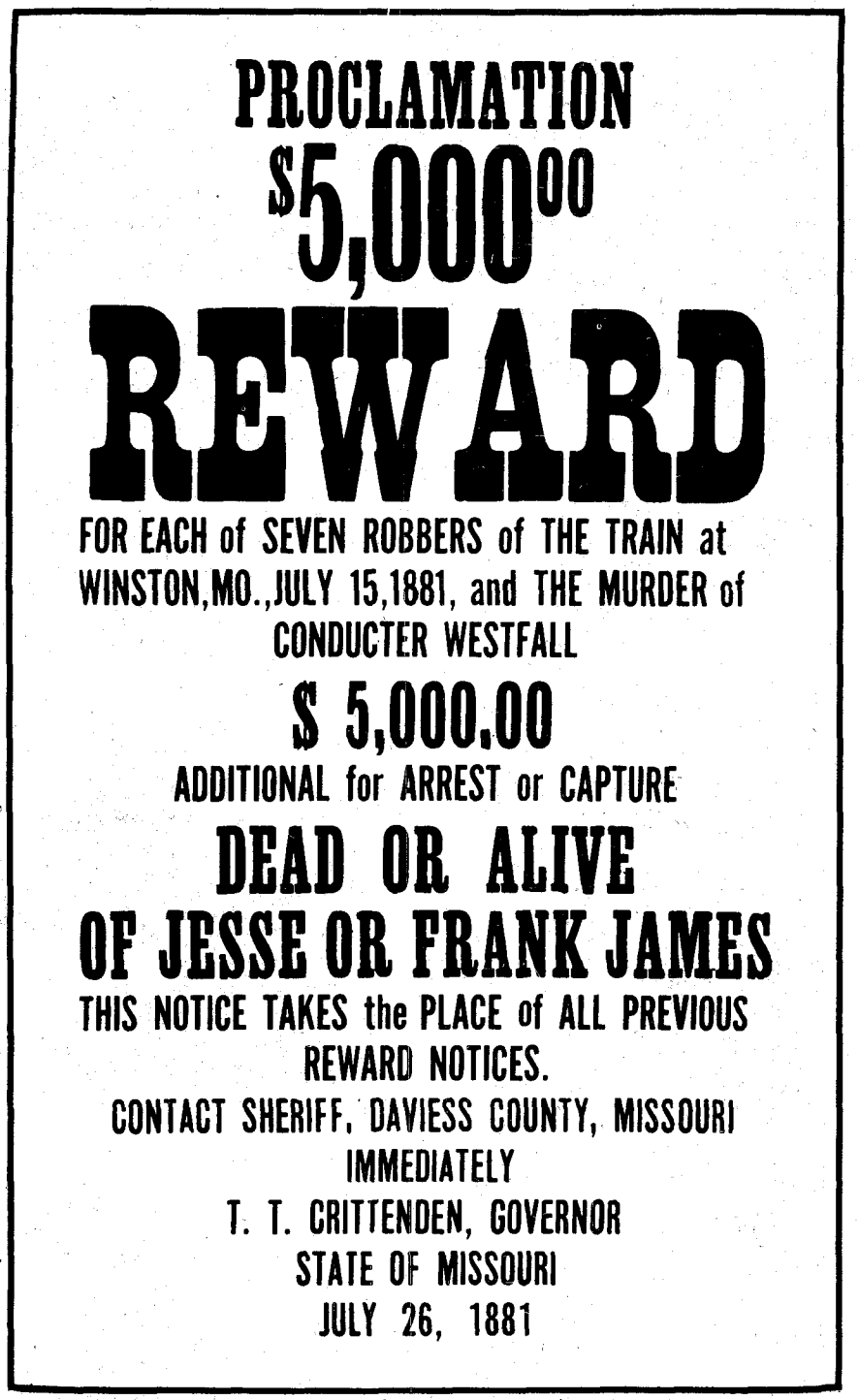
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Reward Poster for Jesse or Frank James.

at the old Cote Brillinate horse racing track on Kingshighway. At one time he worked for Miller Brothers in Oklahoma City as floor walker; also, in St. Louis as a ticket taker at the Standard Theatre.

Frank James died on the old homestead, three miles from Kearney, Missouri, on February 18, 1915, at 3:40 that afternoon, following a stroke and not from consumption as many thought he would years before. He was 73 years old. His wife Annie sobbed as she held him in her arms, "No better husband ever lived." She also kept the James vow, never revealing to anyone the extent of Frank's operations when an outlaw.

Jesse James' son, respecting a Frank James cherished wish, sought to find six of the old Quantrillians to act as pallbearers. By the end of that day five such men had been located ... Ben Morrow, Jackson County; George Shepherd, Lee's Summit; Bill Gregg, Kansas City; Gabe Parr and John Workman of Independence. Shortly thereafter, Thomas T. Crittenden was chosen as the sixth man. This tiny band of greying men rode into Independence that Friday night ... five were the remnants of the once feared Quantrillians. Cole Younger, still living, could not attend as he was ill at Lee's Summit from a heart ailment. He outlived Frank by a year, passing away on February 16, 1916.

The day after Frank's death a group of friends and the curious gathered in the front yard of the James farm for funeral services. However, instead of religious services, a eulogy was offered by Judge John Philips, the man who had so ably defended Frank at Gallatin in 1883, and the man of whom Frank, during his lifetime, had requested such a favor. Tears flowed freely as Judge Philips spoke his eulogy for his friend ... it was a masterpiece, to say the least.

It has never been learned just why Frank James had asked his wife and son that his remains be cremated and placed in an urn. Perhaps he felt that the morbid curiosity seekers would try in some manner to exploit his grave as a tourist attraction.

After the funeral services the body was taken to Kansas City in charge of Jesse Edwards James, Robert Franklin James, and Constable Charles M. Polk. From that point the remains were removed to St. Louis, where the body was cremated on Sunday afternoon. The three men who accompanied the body to St. Louis also witnessed the actual cremation.

The ashes of Frank James were placed in a copper urn and taken to Kansas City, where they were placed in a vault of the New England Deposit Company. There they remained until 1928 when Robert James, Frank's son, had the urn removed and taken to the Kearney, Missouri Trust Company. When Annie Ralston James died on July 6, 1944, at the McCleary's Sanitarium in Excelsior Springs, Missouri, her remains were cremated at the Kansas City Elmwood Cemetery.

Then followed the burial of the two urns in a family cemetery at Hill Park, 23rd Street and Rock Creek Road, in Independence, Missouri. The double interment in the cemetery, which formerly belonged to the family of Mrs. James' mother, had been in accordance with the instructions of Mrs. Frank James. To her dying day, the ninety-one-year-old Annie Ralston James had kept the James vow never to tell the secrets of the outlaws.

So Frank James, Civil War hero, bandit and outlaw, respected citizen, had come to his last resting place in Missouri, the state which had suffered most from his depredations.

●RW

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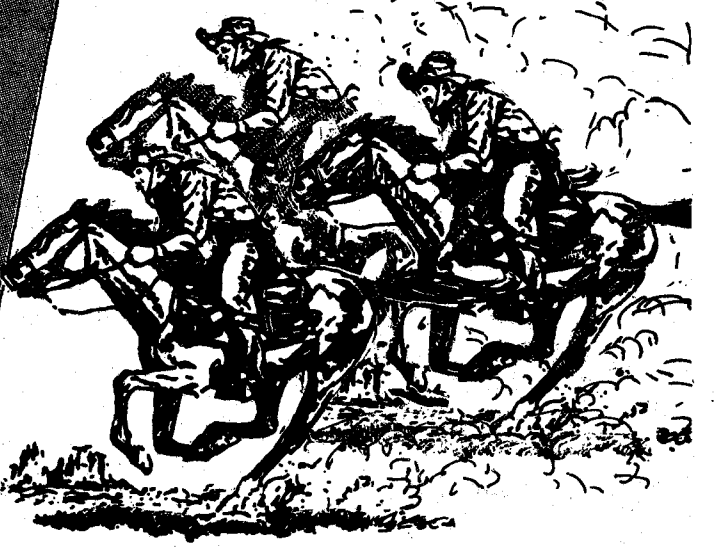

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BILL STEWART

(continued from page 29)

Terry knew he was beaten. He congratulated Stewart, then went off to join the Confederate Army.

This and similar Comstock lawsuits brought Stewart an annual salary of about $200,000 at a time when Benjamin Curtis, one of the leading lawyers of Boston, was making only $40,000 per year.

It was only a few years later that Big Bill forced the whole federal judiciary in Nevada to resign. These judges, political appointees all, were guilty of arrogance and suspected of corruption. One person complained that the federal judiciary was so corrupt that when the judges were bought, they wouldn't stay bought. Stewart personally followed one of the judges around to see if he was taking bribes.

Stewart's friend, Mark Twain, delighted in calling George Turner, the chief justice of the Nevada federal courts, "Professor Personal Pronoun" because of his conceit and self-importance. Stewart thunderously denounced the judges at mass meetings.

Attacks by Stewart and Mark Twain fanned public outrage and made Nevada too hot for most of the judges. All but A.P. Locke resigned. When Locke remained stubborn, Stewart had him dragged before the bar association. The lawyers as a body demanded that Locke resign. When he demurred, Stewart thundered, "Resign and resign now!" This demand, as if from God Almighty, persuaded Locke.

Such problems led Stewart and friends to believe that statehood was the only solution. Under statehood, Nevadans could elect their own judges and other public officials.

Further, President Lincoln wanted Nevada to be a state. He wanted to insure and secure its silver for financing the war. He also needed two Senators and one Congressman from Nevada to assure passage of wartime and anti-slavery legislation.

So naturally Big Bill led the fight to make Nevada a state. People called him "Captain Stewart, master of the good ship Constitution."

In their enthusiasm for admission, the Nevada legislature even telegraphed the whole state constitution to President Lincoln for approval.

On Oct. 31, 1864, Nevada became a state. On Dec. 15, 1864, the Nevada legislature unanimously chose William M. Stewart as its first United States Senator. President Lincoln personally greeted Stewart on his arrival in Washington.

Except for a 10-year stretch between 1875 and 1885, Stewart remained in the Senate for virtually the remainder of his life.

His 10-year vacation from the Senate was devoted to a highly lucrative law practice and resumption of mining investments. It even included a final tangle with his old enemy, David Terry.

When Stewart's successor in the Senate, William Sharon, became entangled with a woman named Sarah Althea Hill who claimed to be his wife, Sharon hired Stewart as his lawyer. Sarah retained Terry who married her after Sharon's death.

One of Stewart's more prosperous investments was the Oneida Mine near Jackson, California. On visiting it, he told miners that they would be fired unless they could work as hard as he could. It turned out that Stewart could do the work of three men, so he ended up with virtually no employees.

True Stewart ingenuity was shown when he and John P. Jones, his fellow U.S. Senator from Nevada, acquired mines at Panamint, near Death Valley.

The problem here was that the mines were nowhere near a railroad, so ore had to be hauled out by wagon. The sole road was lined with bandits looking for easy pickings.

Stewart outslicked the bandits. He knew they were only successful because they could easily run away with the ore after they stole it. He set up a smelter and cast the ore into huge round cannon balls weighing 750 pounds each. These were not only too heavy to be carried off, but the shape made them impossible to handle. Wagons loaded with the giant balls rolled down the road under heavy guard, leaving the bandits in frustration.

In his last election to the Senate in 1898, there was much criticism by potential opponents that Stewart was now too old.

No such thing, snapped Stewart. He was as hale and hearty as any young whippersnapper. First, he proved it by coming to a dance in Virginia City and outdancing everyone. He even skillfully executed all the intricate steps of a quadrille. Then he challenged everyone to ride with him as he campaigned all over Nevada. He outrode everyone. At last, no one would accept his challenge. No one questioned if he was too old any more, either.

Yet he knew he was too old when his last term ended. Teddy Roosevelt was now President; America had moved into the 20th Century and become a world power. Stewart knew he had done his part.

Still, retirement even at his advanced age didn't sit too well with him. He still had to keep going.

There were new mining booms in Nevada. Rhyolite had leaped overnight into a full-scale city. There was a need for lawyers. There was a need for statesmen, too. It was Virginia City and Nevada City all over again.

He gave his skill and wisdom fully. As he had been Nevada's first U.S. Senator, so he became the first member of the Rhyolite School Board.

Of course, Big Bill was not really a legendary god. His health began to fail in Rhyolite's acid-like dust and sand. He was rushed back to Washington, D.C., for a major operation at Georgetown Hospital. He did not recover. On April 23, 1909, death came quietly.

The giant godlike body was cremated. The ashes were brought back to San Francisco to be buried in his wife's grave in Laurel Hill Cemetery.

In 1940 the city of San Francisco decided that the land was more useful for other things than dead bodies. Some 35,000 California pioneers, including Sen. and Mrs. Stewart, were dug up and reburied in unmarked graves down the peninsula. Their old tombstones were used for landfill in San Francisco Bay.

Despite this rank ingratitude, it does seem that Big Bill would have been big enough to have forgiven it.

●RW

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FORT McPHERSON

(continued from page 13)

charge toward the gate. The air was so hazy from the smoke that at first the Indians did not catch on. When they finally saw what was actually happening, they shied out of gun range, as they thought it was an advance party followed by a full company from the fort. When they discovered the truth, they charged the whites. The whites fired their guns and several Indians dropped.

The withering fire from the guns of the whites stunned the Indians. And all the time the whites drew nearer to the safety of the fort. When the Indians finally reorganized, the stage passengers and the cavalrymen were near enough for the troopers inside the post to help them.

The enraged Indians began a fresh attack. They used fire arrows, and the troopers worked to put out the fires. The Indians destroyed all the ranches in the vicinity, cut down miles of telegraph wire and hacked down the poles. The Indians kept up their attack on the post for several days, then retired across the South Platte River, going westward up Lodgepole Creek, singing and giving war cries. Along with them went a great number of stolen livestock.

The small band of defenders inside the post was exhausted. After the Indians left, the troopers repaired the post and the telegraph lines.

In April of 1865 came the welcome news that Richmond had fallen and that Lee had surrendered. The fort was elated, but soon after came the sad news that the leader, Abraham Lincoln, had been killed.

Fort Cottonwood remained a busy post after the end of the war. Some troopers were removed to other posts to help keep the emigrant trails open. The stage stations between Fort Kearney, Nebraska, and Julesburg, Colorado Territory, were spaced ten miles apart and were garrisoned with troopers.

After the close of the war, expeditions were sent to the Republican River, the Loup Forks and the Niobrara. The troopers guarded many stage stations and escorted many stages. The Indians were so bad that hay-making and timber-cutting had to be abandoned by the troopers.

On January 20, 1866 the name of Fort Cottonwood was changed to Fort McPherson in honor of Major General James B. McPherson who had been killed in the Civil War while in command of the Army of Tennessee at the battle for Atlanta.

For a time after the war, the Indians had slowed their attacks on the Platte River area and the great trails that were on each side. The Second Powder River Expedition under the command of Colonel Henry B. Carrington, with Jim Bridger as chief of scouts, left Fort Kearney on May 18, 1866. The great caravan of 260 troops and 226 mule teams and wagons arrived at Fort McPherson in May, and obtained more ammunition and supplies which were to be used in the construction of more western forts. Forts Phil Kearny, Reno, and C.E. Smith were built along the route known as the Bozeman Trail which ran north from Fort Laramie to the mining country of Montana Territory.

Many of the Confederate soldiers who were captured in the east by the Union forces were given their choice of Union prisons or joining the army to fight Indians. The ones who did join the army were known as "whitewashed" or "galvanized."

The easterners, not knowing that the Indians were still harassing the west, clamored for the army to be cut to the bone. The Union had won and was safe, so there was no reason to keep a large defense force, they argued. Thus only 1200 troops were assigned to keep the hostiles under control in the Great Plains vicinity!

Then came the tragic news of the Fetterman Massacre at the new Fort Phil Kearny. The news reached Fort Laramie on Christmas Eve 1866 when "Portugee" Phillips rode Colonel Carrington's fine horse in a blizzard for a distance of 236 miles to tell the news. The horse was literally ridden to death. The news was wired to General Phillip St. George Cook, Commander of the Department of the Platte. Cook relieved Carrington of his command at Fort Phil Kearny and ordered him to Fort Casper. Soon after, Colonel Carrington was transferred to Fort McPherson.

According to Dee Brown in his fine book, *The Gentle Tamers*, the Fetterman Massacre occurred as follows: Colonel Carrington was in charge of Fort Phil Kearny which had been established to guard the Bozeman Trail. The Sioux were resentful of the post, and their numbers around the post increased daily. On the morning of December 21, a wood train left the post. About eleven o'clock that morning pickets, stationed on a nearby hill, signaled a warning to the fort that many Indians were approaching the wood train. Colonel Carrington climbed the watch tower. A few minutes later, the pickets signaled that the wood train had been attacked.

Colonel Carrington ordered that two companies be assembled to rescue the train. The command was to consist of twenty-seven mounted men and fifty on foot. The command of the force was given to Captain George Fetterman, with Lieutenant Grummond to lead the cavalry unit. Knowing that Fetterman was impulsive, Carrington made a special point of warning him that under no circumstances was he to pursue the Indians over Lodge Trail Ridge!

And as the column moved through the gate, Carrington climbed upon the sentry wall and reaffirmed to Fetterman that he was not to cross Lodge Trail Ridge.

When the column reached the wood gang, Fetterman was decoyed into a trap by the famous Crazy Horse of the Sioux. Fetterman soon realized his mistake and turned to motion his troops back, but it was too late! Hundreds of Cheyennes, Arapaho and Sioux were all around him.

Back at the fort the young wife of Francis Grummond heard a few shots, then many shots, and then a dreadful silence.

When Colonel Carrington heard the shots, he sent out a second force to aid Fetterman. The captain of the new force stopped below the ridge as he saw a huge number of Indians in the valley below. The day waned and it grew bitterly cold. The relief force waited below the ridge until the Indians moved away, then they moved on to the battlefield. Fetterman and all his force had perished. Forty-eight of the dead were brought in after dark by the relief force.

All through the night Colonel Carrington held a double guard over Fort Phil Kearny. By morning he determined to lead a strong forced to the battlefield to recover the bodies of the dead left by the relief force. He marched out with many wagons and a force of eighty men.

Colonel Carrington brought in all the dead. To Mrs. Grummond he brought back the body of her husband and a lock of his hair.

The following day, graves were dug in the frozen ground, coffins were made, and the dead were buried. Then came Christmas Eve, a day of sorrow for the fort.

END OF PART I

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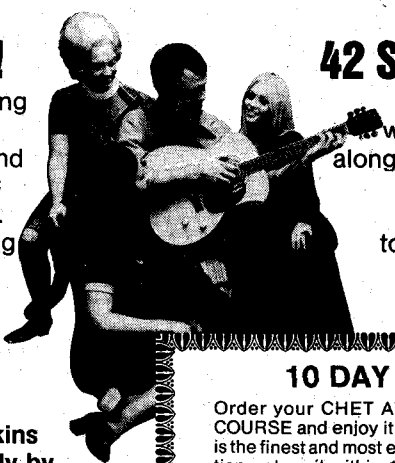

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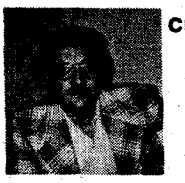

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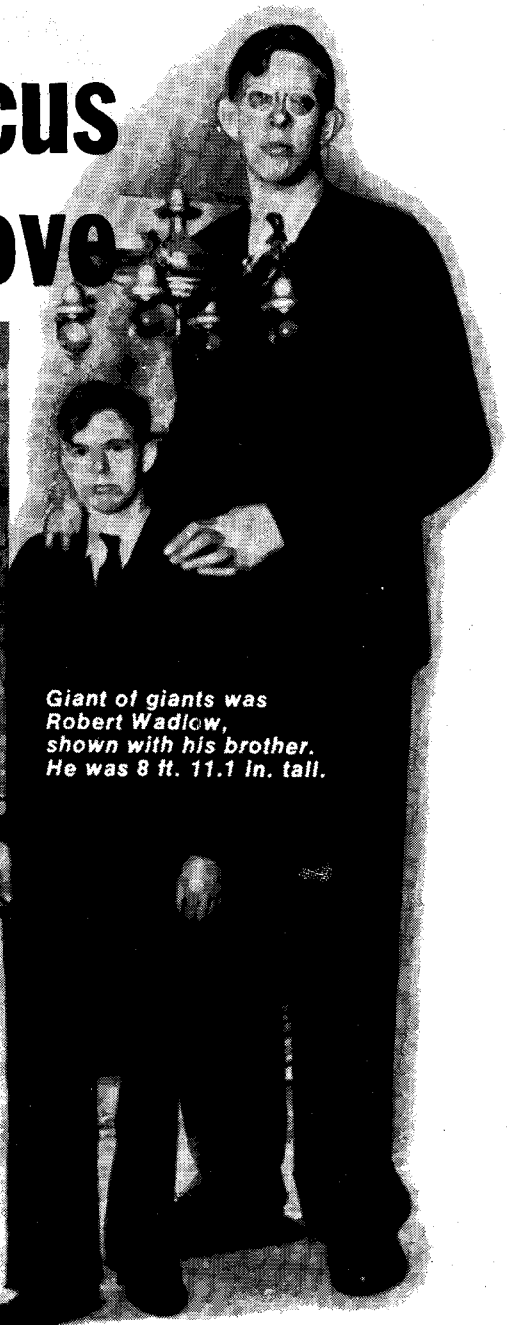
Once you get past the shock of the photographs you won't be able to put this book down. For those of you who enjoy reading great heart-stirring stories of mind over body, this book is a must—fascinating, unusual and very freaky!

Born without legs, Harry Williams could walk on his hands as well as others can on their feet.



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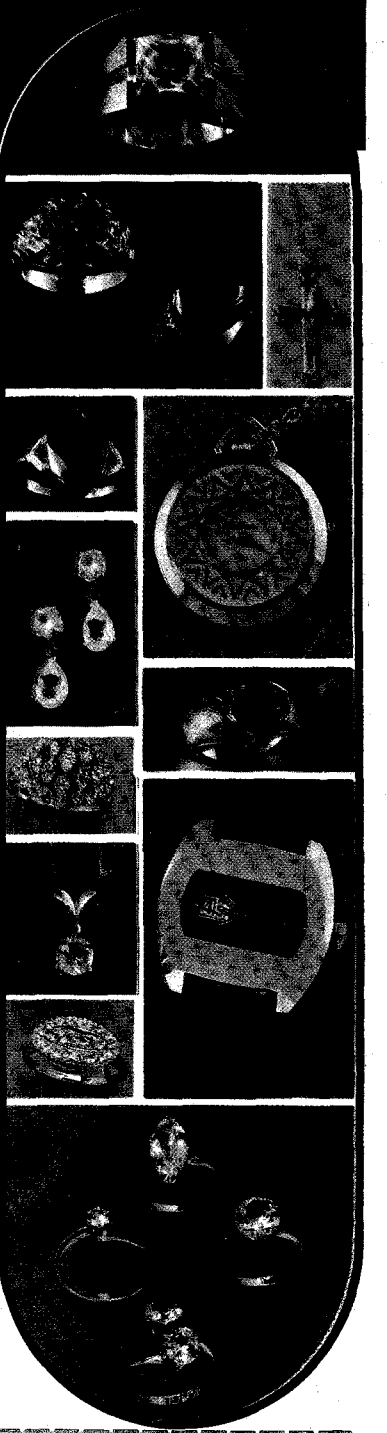

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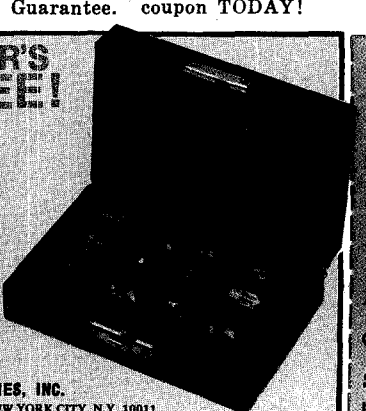

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